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THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS.

Shortly after the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted over the ruins of Gordon's Palace, a memorial service was held. The scene was a most impressive one, especially to those who had been with the relief army in 1885 and remembered the bitter disappointment of never reaching their goal. One of the most appropriate hymns the band played was "A few more years shall roll." They had in verity passed, and the loving hearts of his countrymen were beating on the hallowed spot of his martyrdom at last.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

If I were a novelist I should watch the developments of the Dreyfus case with a jealous eye, for they are prodigal of all the elements with which the writer of fiction likes to enrich an original work. Villains abound; there are several heroes; ladies publish compromising letters, or shoot luckless sub-editors, mistaking them for the authors of libellous articles. The distinction between a sub-editor and a leader-writer is never clear to a lady in a passion. Even when she is calm you will seldom make her understand that the functions of a sub-editor are quite different from those of the assistant-editor. I have seen a distinguished assistant-editor turn pale in a drawing-room when a sympathetic but scantly informed hostess has handed him his cup of tea, archly remarking, "I am really afraid of you, for I hear you are such a clever sub-editor." Even the women who are actually engaged in journalism do not penetrate all its mysteries. To this day one of the most sparkling journalists the sex has produced marvels at the cryptic saying of a newspaper man who wore a skull-cap, spectacles, and a patriarchal beard, down which the dew of Ben Nevis (very old in bottle) frequently ran. She took him for the ecclesiastical editor (retired clergymen of the ripest divinity are usually engaged for this department), and handed him some thrilling gossip about a diocesan conference. He glared at it and said, "Diocesan? There's no such animal. Diocletian, you mean. They've scratched him. Take this away." He was the sporting editor!

Such complications become alarming when ladies rush into newspaper offices with revolvers; but, as the novelist must confess with bitter envy, they intensify the fascinations of the Dreyfus imbroglio. Gaboriau himself never invented such a labyrinth of plot as that which envelops the prisoner of the Ile du Diable. What happened in the cell of Colonel Henry at Mont Valérien? What will happen in Colonel Picquart's cell at the Chercé-Midi prison? It is easy to write tales of mystery and crime about the Bastille and the Inquisition, but what writer of fiction would have ventured to suggest that in France in 1898 it could be fiercely debated whether an officer who confessed to forgery had cut his throat or had that operation performed in his cell without his leave? Forgery is now rather an old-fashioned device in romance. The novelist is apt to be apologetic when he sets his villain to counterfeiting signatures of cheques or wills. But in the Dreyfus case forgery assumes the garb of patriotism, and enters in some subtly ethical way into the honour of the French Army. An officer who has no moral doubt that a brother officer is a traitor forges the proof with a clear conscience. His throat is cut, and he becomes a martyr. But when another officer seeks to establish the innocence of the alleged traitor, he, too, is accused of forgery, which suddenly changes its complexion from patriotism to the blackest guilt. How can any novelist compete with this performance? I wonder it has not been said that Zola threw himself into the Dreyfus affair in sheer exasperation because the most fantastic psychology of the Rougon-Macquarts is eclipsed by a handful of military gentlemen whose family trees have never been reproached!

The dramatist, I imagine, is not so sensitive as the novelist, for he always has an eye for a good situation, and does not mind borrowing it from history. One popular writer of melodrama has generously contributed to the Dreyfus case a sensation from his professional experience. In an Adelphi play no persecuted hero would remain for years in an island prison without escaping. You would see him stealing away in a real boat on a real sea in the intermittent moonlight. Knowing that he would bring down the act-drop on this exciting spectacle, the dramatist cannot believe that the French military authorities have overlooked such an admirable expedient. Suppose there is no Dreyfus on the Ile du Diable: suppose that the Government connived at his escape, and that he is now in London: suppose that he and Esterhazy have lately sat on the same bench in the Leicester Square garden, placidly smoking cigarettes and gazing at the statue of Shakspere! I commend this situation to the genius of the Adelphi. Esterhazy baffles recognition because he has removed his moustache, and Dreyfus must have shaved off an appendage which is such a fatal stamp of identity. There was a time when moustaches were discouraged in the British Army; and it may occur to some reformer in France that the prohibition of military moustaches would be a guarantee against illicit disguise with the help of a razor. Have we not all noticed among our own friends how the visitation of steel to the upper lip may transform a man from a martial and even truculent aspect to the semblance of an innocent comedian? Dreyfus and Esterhazy, sitting in Leicester Square, may each think the other a minor actor waiting for an engagement in the next season of French plays.

Well, a novelist's imagination must have some recompence for the unfair advantage which is taken by the makers of history. In a new story by an eminent hand, I find a remarkable tribute to the capacity of a Jeroboam of champagne. A Jeroboam, it is carefully explained

for the benefit of the unsophisticated reader, contains two magnums, and a magnum means two bottles. An American millionaire, receiving twenty guests informally one afternoon at his hotel, orders champagne, and the waiter bears in a Jeroboam. "There are legends and traditions," says the novelist, rising to the theme, "in one or two of the older hotels—those which flourished in the glorious days of the Regent—of a Rehoboam, containing two Jeroboams. But I have never met in this earthly pilgrimage with a living man who had gazed upon a Rehoboam!" This is a sad reflection upon our degeneracy; but in my earthly pilgrimage I have never seen a Jeroboam that would make the liquid sum of four bottles minister twice and even thrice to twenty people. In another passage the writer speaks of an elysium where "babbling brooks run with champagne." The babbling brook might have refreshed the company with three glasses apiece (some of the ladies are said to have drunk four), but the Jeroboam has no such capacity. I might have thought that it was reinforced on this occasion if the eminent hand had not called it an "inexhaustible vessel." Can it be that we have here an illustration of Ibsen's influence on English fiction? In his dramas one bottle of champagne is an instrument of destiny. It has no rival as a blind impulsive force except cold meat. I can never forget the thrill with which I heard a Norwegian gentleman remark, as he emerged from high tea in a back parlour, "After a meal like that, one feels a different man!"

In "The Benefit of the Doubt" Mr. Pinero sought to better the Scandinavian example by making one glass of champagne precipitate a tragedy. That was generally felt to be too great a strain upon the imagination. Ibsen, when he hears of the Jeroboam, may adopt it as a standard of lavish entertainment in wealthy Norwegian households; but some prosaic observer had better explain to him that while the bottle of champagne remains a fixed quantity, the champagne-glass is widened with the process of the suns. You rarely see now that dainty, ethereal vessel with the hollow stem, in which we used to drink the bride's health. The hotel and restaurant glass is an ever-growing goblet. I once remonstrated with a waiter on this sinister change, and he made the cynical response that the bigger the glass the more champagne the customer was likely to order. We shall come to beakers presently, and then to loving-cups. Who will go into ecstasies over the "inexhaustible" Jeroboam then?

Certain flowers of our social organism are known as the "Hooligans." They bloom in the poorer quarters of London, and their fragrance is wafted to the police-courts. Like other flowers of better repute, they toil not, neither do they spin. The "Hooligan," in prosaic language, is a muscular young blackguard who harasses the lives of peaceful citizens. He goes to penal servitude eventually, but this does not deter his successors. I remember listening to a "Hooligan" on a Greenwich steamer. He had a very wide mouth, from which proceeded a ditty with this refrain—

The same old game, the same old game,
I carry on the same old game;
It matters not to me when I'm out upon the spree,
For I carry on the same old game!

The vigorous sincerity of this assurance was irresistible. Who is responsible for this young man's pertinacity? Social reformers indulge in recriminations. Some assert that the "Hooligan" is the product of irreligious education; others that he is created by the leniency of magistrates to truants from compulsory schooling. A third view is that he is nursed in the kind of music-hall of which the manager of a Board School has drawn a forbidding picture in the *Times*. This witness takes "the same old game," not as irresponsible minstrelsy, but as a depressing actuality, and asks what is the use of all our educational agencies when the music-hall night-school is permitted to flourish?

It is improbable that the law will shut up this institution. If it did, some highly accomplished people would be deprived of their chief amusement. I know an erudite scholar whose delight it is to sit in a music-hall with a pipe and listen to the lyrical chronicles of the "same old game." How many times has he heard that inspiring chorus, "Strolling round the town, knocking people down," without the least desire to knock anybody down! It is the "Marseillaise" of the "Hooligans"; but it has no more effect upon him morally than a ballad of François Villon's. Many estimable citizens frequent the music-halls, and hear the praises of drink, the jokes about the treadmill, the delicate suggestion that when a friend is absent from his usual haunts he is "doing time." These things strike the Board School manager as direct incitements to vice. The average patron of the music-hall regards them as he regards the frank rascality of the clown in the harlequinade. Are law-breakers encouraged by the "Hooligan" outrages on the pantomime policeman? They might be, if this were their only form of entertainment; and so an exclusive devotion to the music-hall may develop, in minds not invigorated by erudition, a bias towards Hooliganism. This is an argument, not for shutting the music-hall, but for tempting the zest for life to other distractions.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen and the Princesses are at Balmoral. The Duke and Duchess of York, who were visiting the Queen there, departed on Saturday. The Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales on Sept. 22 left Balmoral Castle for Mar Lodge, where they were joined by the Duke and Duchess of York, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein has returned from the campaign in the Soudan, arriving in England on Sept. 22, and rejoicing his family next day in a visit to Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, near Newbury, in Berkshire. He was accompanied by General Sir Evelyn Wood.

The Marquis of Salisbury, with Lady Salisbury, returned to England in the middle of last week. His Lordship has since been at Hatfield, but coming frequently to London for business at the Foreign Office.

The President of the Local Government Board, Mr. H. Chaplin, has received two deputations complaining of the want of water in East London. He stated that there will be an official judgment upon the question whether the East London Water Company have been remiss in the performance of their duty, but that the measures now to be adopted will prevent, to a very great extent, similar distress from any such emergency in future seasons.

The partial strike of the men employed by the North Metropolitan Tramways Company, under its working lease from the London County Council, was to have ceased upon the readmission on Monday of the horsekeepers and cleaners who went out of work; but in the meantime many other men have been engaged to take their place.

The funeral of the late Sir George Grey took place in St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday, attended by representatives of the Queen, the Colonial Office, the Colonial Governments of New Zealand, the Cape and Natal, South Australia, Victoria, and West Australia, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London.

The Common Council of the City of London, at a Court held on Monday, passed a resolution of sympathy with the bereaved Emperor of Austria. They also voted the freedom of the City, with a sword of honour, to be given to Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

The anniversary of the Relief of Lucknow in 1857 was celebrated by a special religious service at Westminster Abbey on Sunday, with a sermon by the Rev. Canon Duckworth; and a banquet on Monday evening, with General Sir William Oliphant in the chair, and Mr. Brodrick, Under-Secretary for War, making the principal speech.

The revision of the registers of electors in several districts of the Metropolis has effected considerable gains to the Conservative and Unionist party, 543 in Westminster, 1,294 in South Hackney, 670 in South Islington, and 428 in North-West Ham.

At Cardiff on Thursday and Friday last week conferences were held for the relief of the persecuted and destitute Armenians. There was a special service in Llandaff Cathedral, the Bishop assisting, the Rev. Canon Rawnsley preaching; and Mr. James Bryce, M.P., spoke at a public meeting.

The Mansion House subscription fund to relieve the destitution caused in the islands of Barbadoes and St. Vincent and Grenada by the recent hurricane amounted to over £15,000 at the beginning of this week. At least five hundred lives were lost, but none of white people.

The French Government, at a Cabinet Council of Ministers on Monday, decided to go on with the revision of the Dreyfus case by the Court of Cassation. M. Zola is expected to return to France within a few days. Major Esterhazy seems to have taken up his abode in London. He has denied an alleged "confession" in a London paper that he forged the *borderan* because the General Staff wanted material evidence against Dreyfus. He seems to have undertaken to write a book for a well-known publisher, and he is constantly having interviews with the very people whom he accuses in print of trying to lead him astray. In Paris his friends are anxious about him. The simple-minded Rochefort admits that Esterhazy was paid by an anti-Dreyfus syndicate, and is alarmed lest a syndicate on the other side should undertake the board and lodgings of this interesting representative of French military honour. It is doubtful whether anybody now believes a word he says; but if he is going into the "confession" business he had better make a clean breast of his relations with Colonel Schwartzkoppen. The number of his paymasters is bewildering.

The German Emperor, with the Empress, on Sept. 23 attended the opening of the newly constructed harbour at Stettin, and went on to Rostock. There has been a rumour of an intended meeting with the Czar on the Russian frontier. The preparations for the Emperor William's visit to Syria and Constantinople are actively continued; his steam-yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, has been sent round to the Mediterranean.

A storm on the Russian Baltic coast near Libau one night last week sank many fishing-boats; a hundred and fifty lives were lost. On Sept. 22, in the Bay of Biscay, the *Rheubina*, a British steamer, was sunk by a collision. The crew, saving the captain and one sailor, were drowned.

Admiral Cervera has had a cool reception in Spain. He deserved better of his country than this, if only for the desperate courage with which he took his fleet to certain destruction. The Admiral has made some pointed remarks on the delusions of his countrymen, and as Spaniards hug delusions, such criticism is naturally received with an ill grace. One of the delusions is that the Spanish armaments can be still trusted. Admiral Cervera knows better, and he also knows that with such a political system as prevails in Spain, there might as well be no army and navy for all the good they are likely to be in war. Perhaps Spain will never go to war again. But why keep up any armaments at all?

OUR SUCCESS IN THE SUDAN.



"WHERE GORDON FELL": VISITING THE RUINS OF KHARTOUM.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS.

The British officers and men crowded round the spot where stood the stairway on which Gordon was killed.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE Soudan.



Major Gordon.

Prince Francis of Teck.

THE CAPTIVES OF THE KHALIFA.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS.

The prisoners liberated from the Khalifa's prison on the night of the battle of Omdurman came on board the "Melik" to have their chains filed. Major Gordon discovered among them his uncle's Chief of the Staff, Ibrahim Pasha Fauzi, who had been in chains sixteen years.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE SOUDAN.

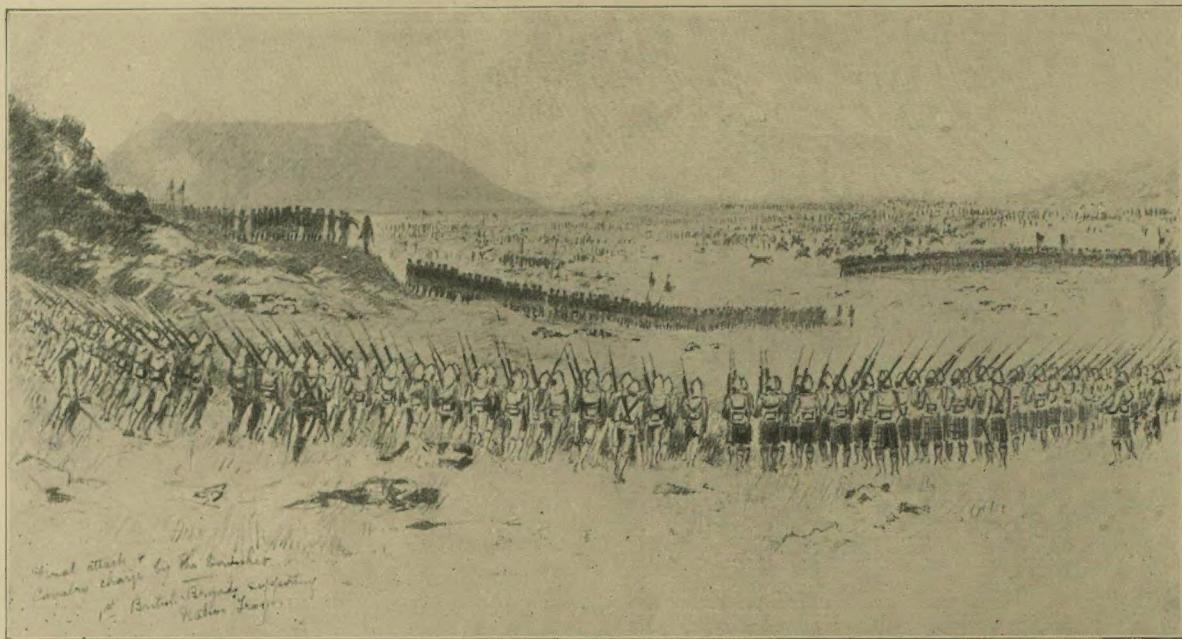
Our Soudan Illustrations show the bombardment of the Mahdi's tomb and the effect of the shells on the dome. The clearing of a fanatical quarter near the tomb by the gun-boat *Sultan's* Maxim fire forms an interesting picture, while another exciting incident, which proved the usefulness of the gun-boats, was the deliverance of the camel corps by the *Melik*. About 8.30 on the morning of the battle, the Khalifa's black troops in column cut the camel corps off from the main body and poured volleys into them. The *Melik* stood by and saved the corps from utter annihilation. In the foreground Prince Francis of Teck was at work with a Maxim gun.

The service in memory of General Gordon was held at Khartoum on the Sunday following the battle. The ceremony was of the most impressive character, and even iron warriors and correspondents confessed to being strangely moved. On Gordon's ruined palace the flags of the Queen and the Khedive were displayed simultaneously, while the bands played the British and Egyptian Anthems, and the gun-boats thundered a salute. Then the Anglican, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Methodist chaplains conducted a simple religious service, while minute guns boomed and the Dead March was played. A curious incident was the playing by the Soudanese band of Gordon's favourite hymn, "Abide with Me."

There has been no fighting in Fashoda. The Sirdar came and saw and conquered by a mere word of mouth. He told the Frenchmen he found there that the territory was Egypt's, under our occupation, and the Union Jack was hoisted in sign of British supremacy. Captain Marchand was not so foolish as to show fight, although he refused a free passage to Cairo for himself and his men,

province of Bahr-el-Ghazel, to the south-east. On his way the Sirdar met a Dervish steamer, which he captured. A more important encounter was that in which the gun-boat *Sultan* attacked the Emir Abdul Fedel on his return from the Blue Nile and an attempt to reinforce the Khalifa. A battle on shore ensued outside Gedarif, which was captured by Colonel Parsons, the Governor of Kamala, with the slaughter of the Emir himself and of five hundred out of his three thousand men. Colonel Parsons reckons

death by assassination or by poison. Plots and counter-plots, whether real or fictitious, illustrating the desperate conflict of factions in and around a semi-barbarous Court, have been rife for two or three weeks past. It was believed at Shanghai on Saturday last that a Russian military force of 10,000 men was about to be sent from Port Arthur by sea, to march on Peking in aid of the Empress-Dowager's party; whereupon the British naval squadron, or the stronger part of it, has left Wei-Hai-Wei for Taku, the



THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.—FINAL ATTACK AND CAVALRY CHARGE BY THE DERVISHES: THE 1st BRITISH BRIGADE SUPPORTING NATIVE TROOPS.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Corporal Farquharson, 1st Seaforth Highlanders.

his own losses at thirty men killed. One other episode of the Soudan warfare is the blowing up by Major Gordon, R.E., the General's nephew, of the tomb of the Mahdi in Omdurman.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

The Chinese Empire with startling rapidity is passing from day to day through the vicissitudes of a series of bewildering Court and Ministerial intrigues turning upon the young Emperor's struggle to escape from the domination of the Empress-Dowager. The Empress is finding Russian support in a form that may, it is feared, require

entrance to the Tientsin port and maritime approach to the capital, with orders, it is said, to forbid the landing of Russian troops. Later telegrams from Peking, however, deny the worst of the alarmist rumours. Our Illustrations are self-explanatory, with perhaps the exception of the view of the Chien Mén. The Chien Mén is the boundary wall between the Manchu and the Chinese city of Peking.

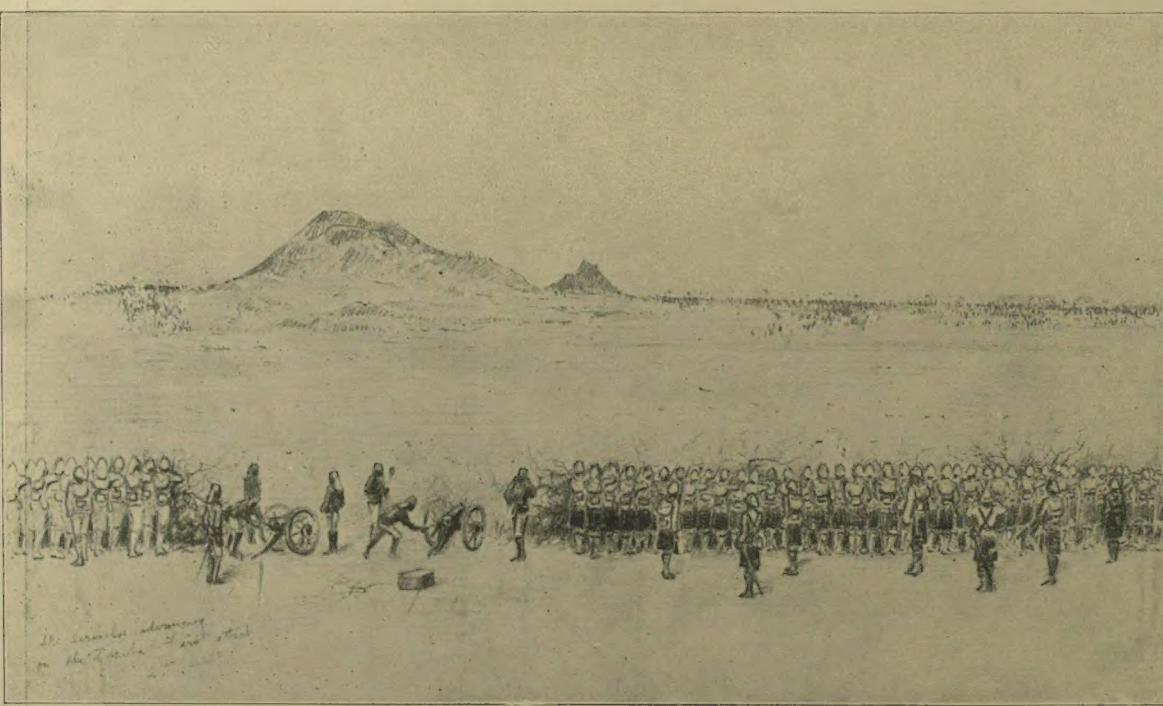
THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT BRADFORD.

The formal opening of the Church Congress at Bradford took place on Tuesday, Sept. 27. The previous day, however, was full of work.

All the members had assembled, and several important meetings were held. An Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art was opened, and in the evening three meetings were held by the three parties representing the various opinions on the ritual of the Church. In the Mechanics' Institute, Lord Halifax and the English Church Union assembled. The Moderate Evangelicals met in the Technical College, the gathering being presided over by Sir John Kennaway, M.P. The extreme anti-Ritualists and Mr. Kensit supported their cause in Zion Chapel. A ladies' meeting was also held in the afternoon at the Mechanics' Institute.

One of the most interesting features of the Exhibition of Ecclesiastical Art was the Brontë Museum. Haworth Parsonage, the home of the Brontës, was not so very far from Bradford, so this portion of the exhibition has, at least, a local justification. The exhibits include Charlotte's pencil drawings, her letters, a lock of her hair, and portraits of

the family. It is open to question how far these relics are out of place among the paraphernalia of imposing ritual, but very few will quarrel with them on that account. The proceedings opened formally on Tuesday with a procession of the clergy and municipality. Congress sermons were delivered by the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Glasgow, and the Bishop of Derry. The Bishop of Ripon, President of the Congress, delivered the opening address.



THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN.—THE DERVISHES' FIRST ATTACK: ADVANCING ON THE ZAREBA.

Facsimile of a Sketch by Corporal Farquharson, 1st Seaforth Highlanders.

A little talking, perhaps, remains to be done, and the Embassies will do it. Meanwhile, Colonel Jackson is left in the town in command of the 11th Soudanese Battalion. On the Sobat River, too, a British garrison has been posted. The distance between Khartoum and Fashoda is between four and five hundred miles up the Nile. It is the capital of a country that once had a fair trade in dates, grain, and gum-arabic, and it commands the more fertile

British active intervention to oppose some intolerable violation of the imperial sovereignty at Peking. Since the downfall of Li-Hung-Chang, the political ally of the Empress-Dowager, his chief opponents, Chang-Yin-Huan and Kang-Yu-Wei, have been prosecuted, and the former imprisoned, under charges of high treason. Reports of the enforced or voluntary abdication of the Emperor have been published, and rumours, on the other side, of the Emperor's

PERSONAL.

In High Church circles in the south-west of England much regret is expressed for the resignation, owing to severe illness, of Father Chase, Vicar of All Saints, Plymouth. Father Chase is an advanced Ritualist, but he has always been on the best of terms with the clergy and ministers of Plymouth. As a platform speaker he was especially popular, and in politics he was an ardent Radical. Father Chase has been absent from the parish for some months, and his medical advisers have forbidden him to live in so relaxing a climate as that of Plymouth.

The Sirdar is a fortunate man. He has received the highest token of the Queen's appreciation—a peerage of the United Kingdom. As to his new title there can be little doubt. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum is obviously appropriate, and it has the advantage of alliteration. The praises of the new peer are not confined to his own countrymen and to the Eastern people he has liberated from the Dervishes. France takes a chivalrous interest in his fame. It is said that he fought in the war of 1870 as a volunteer in the Army of the Loire and was twice wounded. This gives the French a certain pride in his achievements, and it is a consolation to them for the overwhelming force which the Sirdar has left at Fashoda to look after Major Marchand.

Colonel Parsons, who won the victory at Gedaref, was born in 1855, and entered the artillery at the age of nineteen. He first served at home on the personal staff, and subsequently, between 1877 and 1881, took part in the Kaffir, Zulu, and Transvaal campaigns, in which he greatly distinguished himself. He was present at Isandlwana, Ulundi, Lang's Nek, and Ingogo. In the last-named engagement he was severely wounded. He also saw service in Egypt in 1882, and in the Dongola Expedition of 1896 was in command of the Egyptian artillery. After the Dongola Campaign he became Governor-General of the Red Sea Littoral and Commandant at Suakin.

At last we have what purports to be an explanation of M. Casimir-Périer's resignation of the French Presidency in 1895. Count Münster made a report on the Dreyfus case to the German Emperor. It was intercepted and photographed by French officials. Count Münster declared to the President that this was an intolerable outrage, and threatened to demand his passports. M. Casimir-Périer, greatly distressed, offered the amplest apologies. The German Ambassador accepted these, and transmitted them to his master. On the way they were intercepted and photographed, like the first report. Berlin was furious, and Count Münster waited on the President with something like a thunderbolt. Then M. Casimir-Périer, feeling utterly helpless in the hands of officials who persisted in risking the safety and good name of France by a demented espionage, told the Ambassador that he would make personal reparation to the Emperor by resigning. The tale sounds like fable, but such astounding things have happened in France in the last few years that nothing is incredible.

Something has happened to the Emperor of China. He is said to have been deposed, and some assert that he has been murdered, while other authorities hold that he is "reigning jointly" with his aunt. His offence was a deep yearning for Western reforms. He proposed to abolish pigtailed. Evidently the European method of wearing the hair had struck him as the secret of national strength. If Chinamen no longer went about with their raven hair hanging down their backs, the Flower Land might be restored to its pristine splendour. Unfortunately, this statesmanlike idea was badly received. When the Empress-Dowager heard of it, she "got up and snorted," like the lady in the American poem. Moreover, she put the Emperor under lock and key, and it is doubtful whether he will ever be seen again. Thus began and ended the imperial dream of the severed pigtail. The story of the Chinaman who burnt down his house every time he wanted "roast pig" is not so impressive a warning as the story of the Emperor who thought that cutting off pigtailed would be the salvation of China.

It is understood that Mr. Dosse, the Queen's courier, will, with the sanction of her Majesty, act as courier to the German Emperor during his approaching visit to Palestine. Mr. Dosse will shortly leave England in order to make the necessary arrangements for the tour.

Dr. Lloyd, the retiring Bishop of Bangor, has held his see for eight years only. He was appointed in 1890, the same year as the Bishops of Durham, St. Albans, and

Worcester. It seems that Bangor has been rather remarkable for the short duration of its Bishops' term of office. It had fourteen Bishops in the eighteenth century, as against five for Bath and Wells.

From a public school Head Mastership to a Bishopric is now becoming almost an inevitable step. The Hon. and Rev. Canon Lyttelton, who has been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Southampton, has been Head Master of Haileybury College since 1890. He was born in London in 1855, and was the seventh son of Lord Lyttelton and Mary, daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was a foundation scholar. He obtained a second class in the classical tripos, and became Assistant Master at Wellington and subsequently at Eton. In 1892 he became Chaplain to the Bishop of St. Albans, and three years later Hon. Canon in St. Albans Cathedral. In 1894 he served as a member of the Committee on Secondary Education.

The health of the Queen of Denmark still continues to be a source of anxiety. On Monday of this week her Majesty's condition was far from satisfactory, and three physicians were summoned at noon. On Tuesday night, however, her Majesty was reported to be somewhat better. All the members of the royal family are now at Bernstorff.

M. Brisson is a man of courage. In spite of the decision of the Judicial Commission against revision of the Dreyfus case, and in spite of hostility in his own Cabinet and clamour out of doors, he has insisted on referring the whole case to the Cour de Cassation. There are graphic accounts of the scene at the Ministerial Council. In this country we never know what passes at a meeting of the Cabinet. Every Minister is pledged to secrecy, and secrecy is observed. But in Paris a Minister hastens to tell all he knows to a newspaper; so we have a moving picture of M. Brisson making a passionate appeal to his colleagues, and carrying his point by sheer emotion. The Cour de Cassation will, it is hoped, examine the entire Dreyfus dossier, and not confine itself to the point whether the forgery of Colonel Henry is a "new fact" that ought to upset the sentence.

Another emotional person in this business is M. Paul Déroulède, a charming poet but a crazy politician. M. Déroulède has been talking about the "accomplices of

Pitt and Coburg." Frenchmen used to believe that "Pitt and Coburg" hired public men in France with British gold. They believe so much now which is even sillier than it was needless for M. Déroulède to revive this stale tradition. When the majority of the French people can be persuaded that the army is assailed by a conspiracy of Jews and Protestants, there is no occasion to rake up delusions that served their turn a century ago.

There is an epidemic of abductions. In the good old times, ladies were carried off against their will, as it was conventionally supposed; but now children are abducted by their mothers who are not on good terms with their papas. There is generally a grandfather in the case. Sometimes he sides with one parent, and sometimes with another. At Herne Bay, the other day, grandpa was placidly taking his siesta, and his grandchildren were playing near the front door, when up dashed a carriage containing mamma and a detective. The helpless offspring were seized, the alarm was given to the police, and a noted cyclist on a racing machine started in pursuit. Horses have a poor chance against the bicycle, and the abductors were overtaken. It is lucky there were no bicycles in the days when Edwin and Angelina used to bolt in a post-chaise to Gretna Green.

The late Major-General Robert Adam Wauchope, who died at Brighton on Sept. 24 at the age of sixty-two, was a distinguished Indian veteran.

He entered the Army in 1854, and served in 1857



Photo Walery.
THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL WAUCHOPE.

with the 4th Sikh Infantry at the capture of Delhi. On Sept. 14 of that year he commanded fifty men at the storming of the Water Bastion, and saw a great deal of the street-fighting during following days. He served also with Rattray's Sikhs in Sikkim, in the Bhootan War, the Duffla Expedition, and in the subjugation of the Naga Hill tribes. In the Afghan War of 1878-80 he was present at the capture of Ali Musjid. He retired in 1885. Major-General Wauchope belonged to the old Midlothian family of Wanchope, the head of which, Brigadier-General Andrew Wauchope, commanded the First Brigade at Omdurman.

Next week we shall be in the middle of the Leeds Festival, far and away the most important of the musical festivals that are held in this country. Birmingham has a greater history, it is true, but for present achievement

the Yorkshire choir is unsurpassed. This year is being signalled by quite an exceptional number of novelties, no less than six new works being on the way. Sir Arthur Sullivan was to have written a cantata, but his deplorable ill-health during the early part of last year made the production of a new "Golden Legend" impossible. Mr. Edwin Elgar has, however, taken his place, and has written a new cantata, "Caractacus," which, let it be hoped, will be a genuine success, for he has proved in the past that he is a musician with a true talent and a most earnest conscientiousness.

Meanwhile, rehearsals of the festival have been merrily proceeding under the direction of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who continues in his position by an unbroken line of triennial appearances ever since and including the year 1880. The work put upon the shoulders of the chorus is enormous. The festival opens with "Elijah." Then there is Bach's Mass in B minor, and there is Beethoven's Choral Symphony to be got through quite apart from an enormous bulk of every other kind of work. Stanford's "Te Deum" and Mr. Cowen's "Ode to the Passions" are also new, but "The Messiah" is withheld by a wise policy. The whole function concludes with Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and we are not to hear—not even at Leeds!—a performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend." Miss Clara Butt will sing "Divinités du Styx," and, to judge from the effect she made at rehearsal, she is likely to score a great triumph indeed.

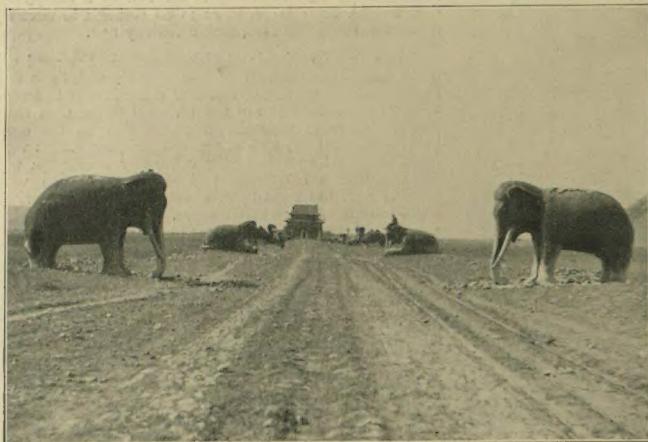
George Aylng, aged nine, has won his immortality in wax at Madame Tussaud's. This imp was caught in the act of trying to wreck a train by putting heavy stones on the line. His punishment seems slight. Six strokes from a birch-rod must have hurt him, but he will forget them. Many a boy of that age is whipped quite as severely at school and thinks nothing of it, though it happens often. A durable impression might be made on the mind of George Aylng if he were birched twice a week for the next two years.

Owing to an oversight, the illustrations which we published in our issue of Sept. 17 representing the Brunswick Monument at Geneva and the quay and bridge, Geneva, were not acknowledged as being taken from photographs by MM. Charnaux Brothers and Co., of Geneva.

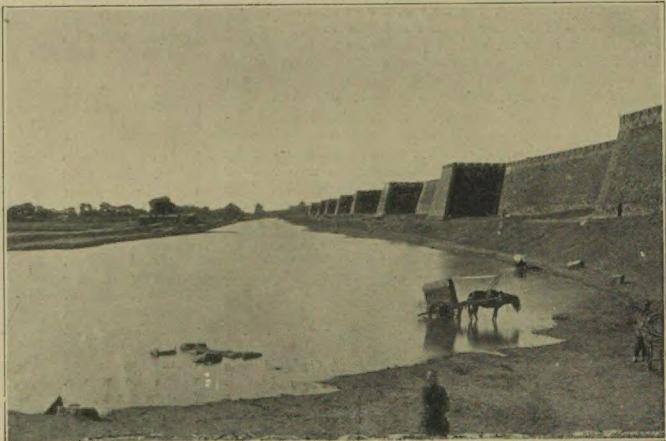


Photo Coe, Bradford.
CHURCH CONGRESS AT BRADFORD: THE MUNICIPAL AND CLERICAL PROCESSION.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA: VIEWS IN PEKING AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.



THE TOMBS OF THE MING DYNASTY.



OUTSIDE THE WALL.



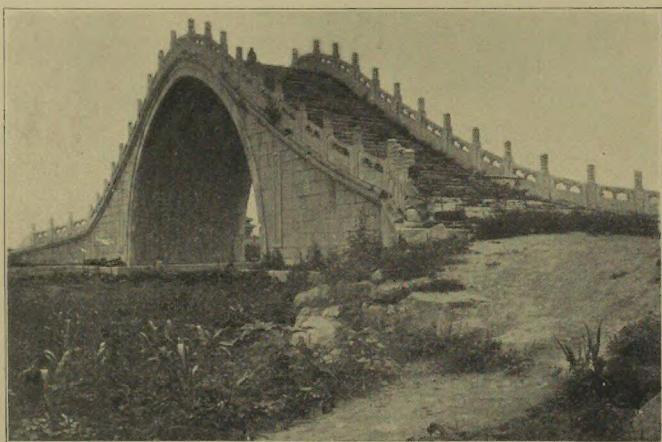
THE HIGH STREET.



OUTSIDE THE CHIEN MÈN.



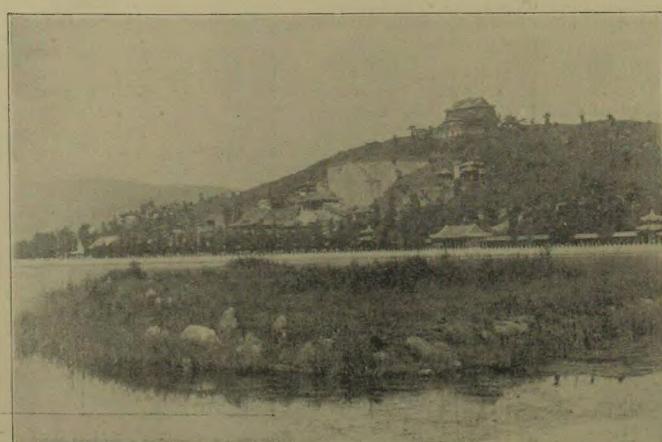
ENTRANCE TO AN OFFICIAL'S HOUSE.



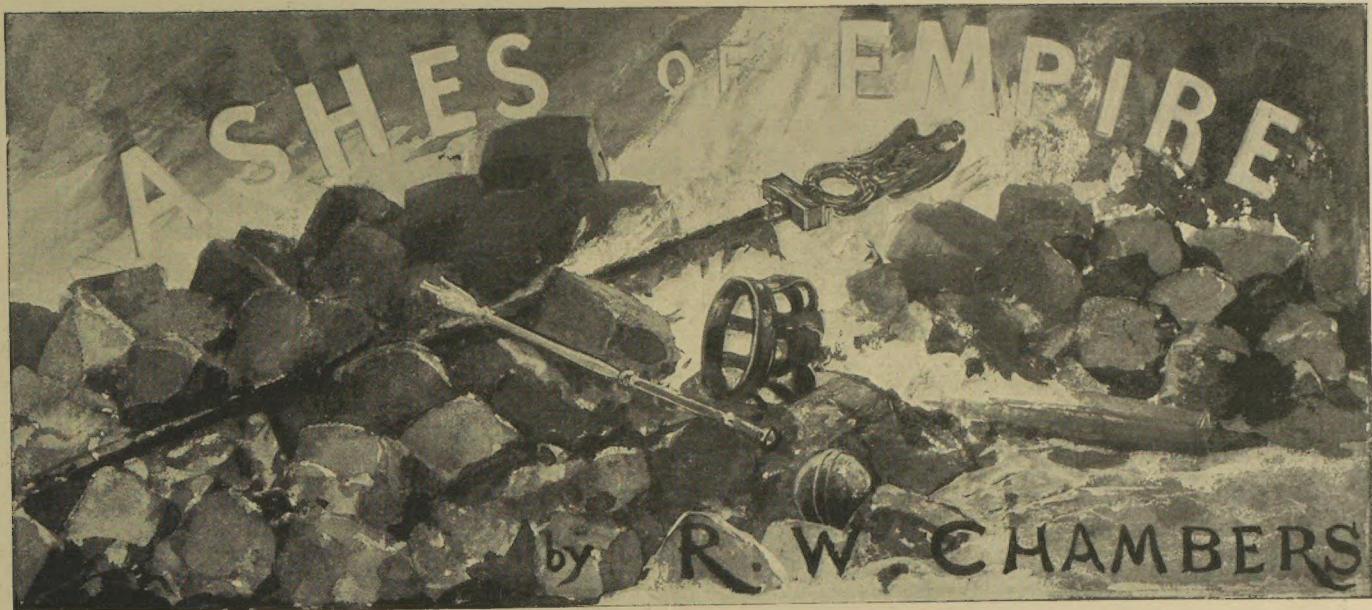
A "CAMEL-BACK" BRIDGE.



VIEW IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.



PLEASURE GARDENS OF THE EMPEROR'S SUMMER PALACE.



CHAPTER I.

THE FLIGHT OF THE EMPRESS.

THE throng outside the Palace had swelled to menacing proportions; the gay cocked hats of the police glittered above a sombre sea of heads, threading the packed square with double strands of colour. The throng was not yet a mob: there were no rushes, no sullen retreats, no capricious stampedes; but it grew denser. Again and again the Imperial police pushed into the square, only to be crushed back against the park railings by the sheer weight of the people. From the river a battalion of mutinous Mobiles advanced, singing a deep, swinging chorus, through which the shrill voices of the newsboys soared piercingly: "Extra! Extra! Frightful disaster in the North! Defeat of the French army at Sedan! Capture of the Emperor! Surrender of the army of Châlons! Terrible battle at Sedan! Extra! Extra!"

Across the bridge the people surged against the Palais Bourbon, receding, advancing, retreating, only to dash back again on the steel-barbed railings, a deluge of eager human beings, a chaos of white, tense faces and outstretched hands. And now over all swept a whirlwind of sound—of splendid sonorous song—the *Marseillaise*! The crowd had become a mob. The Empire was at an end.

A short, fierce howl broke from the crowd which filled the Rue de Rivoli from the Louvre to the Place de la Concorde as an officer of the Imperial Guard appeared for a moment on the terrace above the Orangerie and attempted to speak. "Go back, go back!" shouted the mob. "Down with the Empire! Long live the Republic! The Empress has betrayed Paris! Shame! Shame!" Somebody in the crush raised a gilded wooden eagle on a fragment of broken flagstaff, and shook it derisively at the Palace. "Burn it!" cried the mob; "we want no eagles now!" In a moment the gilded eagle was on fire. A drummer of the National Guard reversed his drum and beat the charge; a young girl marched beside him also beating a drum, her thin white face set with a hard smile, her eyes flashing under knit brows. A compact mass of people hurled themselves against the garden railings; the iron eagle and the Imperial "N" were torn from the gilt gates amid a tempest of cheers; the railings crashed in—the mob was loose.

At that moment, through the alley of trees, a detachment of the Imperial Guard marched silently up and massed itself before the great gate of the Tuilleries, waiting there, solid, motionless, with rifles ordered. The mob came to a sudden halt.

"Down with the Imperial Guard! Hurrah for the National Guard!" shouted the man with the blazing eagle, and he swung the flaming emblem of Empire till it filled the air with sparks and burning flakes of tinsel.

The girl with the drum, sitting astride the parapet of the Orangerie, beat the *rappel* and laughed down at the Imperial Guard. "Are you afraid?" she called in a clear bantering voice. "I'll give you a shot at my drum—you there, with the Crimean medal!"

A young ruffian from the outer Boulevards climbed to the parapet beside her. "Silence!" shouted the crowd; "listen to the Mouse!"

The Mouse, however, contented himself with thrusting out his tongue, and making frightful grimaces at the Imperial Guard, while his two companions, Mon Oncle and Bibi la Goutte, alternately laughed and menaced. Twice an officer advanced a little



Staring up in his face stood a full-grown lioness with her brilliant eyes fixed on his.

way along the alley of trees, summoning the crowd to fall back. The second time a young fellow in the uniform of the National Guard dragged himself from the crowd and nimbly mounted the parapet. "You tell us to disperse," he shouted in reply; "and I tell you that we'll go as soon as that flag comes down from the Tuilleries." Then he turned to the mob with violent gestures. "Do you know why that flag is flying? It is because the Empress is still in the Tuilleries. Is she to stay there?"

"No, no!" howled the mob. "Down with the Empress! To the Palace! To the Palace!"

The Mouse, who had climbed down inside the gardens, began to yell for pillage, but a drummer of the Imperial Guard kicked him headlong through the gate, and burst out laughing. The crowd surged forward, only to fall back again before the levelled rifles of the troops.

"Get off the wall," cried the officers angrily, "you drab there with your drum! Go back, or we fire!"

The girl with the drum regarded them ironically, and clicked her drum-sticks; the young officer of the National Guard beside her cursed the troops and shouted: "Tell your Empress to go! Who is she to sit in the Tuilleries? Who sent the army to Sedan? Who betrayed the nation to the Prussians? Tell your Empress to go while she can! Do you think the people are blind and deaf? Do you think the people forget? Tell her to take herself and her family out of the land she sold to Bismarck! Then let her remember the city she betrayed—the people who watch and wait for Prussian shells cowering in the cellars of devastated homes—here in the city she sold!"

The crowd shouted hoarsely and pressed to the gate again. The young orator's fierce eyes shone with a hate so intense that the troops thought him mad; and perhaps he was, this fanatic who, in days to come, would prove his brainless bravery to an insurgent city, and die under the merciless sabres of Thiers's gendarmes.

"Captain Flourens," said an officer of the Imperial Guard, "if you do not call off your mob, their blood will be on your head. Shame on you! You disgrace your uniform!"

"Captain de Sellier," replied Flourens fiercely, "tomorrow, if the Prussian army halts before Paris, I will be the first to face it, for the honour of France; but I will not face it for the Empire. Shall Paris fight for the woman who sold France? Shall France do battle for a rotten dynasty tottering to ruin, a dynasty that seeks to pull down the mother-land with it into the abyss of corruption and cowardice and treachery? The Prussians are here! Let them come; but before we face them let us cleanse ourselves from that which brought us to destruction. Down with the Empire!"

He ceased and stepped back. The girl beside him swung her drum to her hip, sprang up, and facing the troops, began to sing—"Ca ira! Ca ira!" A hoarse thunder of cheering answered her; the steel stanchions of gate and railings were wrenched out; and the mob was armed.

The Imperial Guard hesitated, then fell back slowly, as old General Mellinet galloped up, glittering with orders, sashed and spurred, his face crimson with anger.

"It is well," he shouted, shaking his clenched fist at the crowd; "it is well for you that her gracious Majesty commands that not one drop of blood shall be spilled to protect this Palace! Cowards, go back to your kennels! The Empress is leaving the Palace!" He walked his horse straight up to the shattered gate; a straw in the balance would decide his fate, and he knew it. "You, gentlemen," he said violently, "are here on a vile errand. Are you not blushing for your uniform, Captain Flourens? And you, Monsieur Victorien Sardou, and you, Armand Gouzien?" For an instant rage choked him. "What do you want of me, gentlemen?" he said, controlling his passion with an effort. "I have made a promise, and you will find that I will keep it. If General Trochu has deserted the Empress, make the most of that. Let God deal with him. For me, I am here to stay; say so to your mob!"

At this moment a roar arose from the crowd outside—"The Empress is gone! The Empress is gone! To the Palace! To the Palace! The Empress is gone!"

The crowd started forward. Then, as the soldiers silently brought their rifles to the charge, the people fell back, crushing and trampling in their hurry to regain the pavement.

"Look out, Bourke," said a young man in English, dragging his companion away from the gate; "there'll be a panic if the troops fire. Come on; let's get out of this."

"Look!" said his comrade eagerly, "look, they've lowered the flag on the cupola. Do you see, Jim? The Empress has left the Tuilleries."

The crowd saw it too, and a tumult arose, answered by vociferous cheering from the packed masses in the Rue de Rivoli. "Vive la République! Down with the Empire!"

"Hurrah for the Republic!" shouted Bourke, laughing and waving his hat. "Harewood, why the devil don't you cheer?"

Malet and Shannon, two fellow war-correspondents, passed and called out to them in English—"Hullo, you fellows, it's all over. The Empress has gone!"

"Wait for us," motioned Bourke. But already the others were lost in the crowd which now began to pour

along the face of the park parapets towards the river. Bourke, his arm linked in Harewood's, struggled for a while to keep his course to the Rue Royale, but the pressure, the shouting, and torrents of dust confused him and he let himself go. "Confound it!" he gasped, "this is almost a stampede. Keep your feet, Jim, if you want to live to get out. I hope the Empress is safe."

"Where are our horses?" asked Harewood, struggling to keep with his comrade.

"In the arcade of the Continental. Good Heavens, Jim, this crush is frightful!" he said, seizing a bar of the railing behind them. "Climb up and over; it is the only way."

"They'll shoot you from the Palace!" cried a dozen voices.

"I'd rather be shot than squashed," replied Bourke, clambering up and over the gilded railing. In a moment Harewood sprang to the turf beside him, panting and perspiring. "Now!" said Bourke, and they glided across the terrace of the Orangerie and let themselves down into the street, dirty, bruised, and breathless.

At the end of the street, toward the Place de la Concorde, a mob, flourishing clubs and knives, was vainly trying to scale the parapets of the gardens, shouting, "Death, death to the Empress!" but a squad of police held the parapets and hammered the more venturesome of the people with the flats of their swords. Several soldiers of the line and officers of the Mobiles joined the police. On the other hand, the mob increased every moment, and their angry shouts swelled to a solid roar: "Death to the Empress! Remember Sedan!"

Among a group of frightened pedestrians who had been blocked on the quay between both mobs were two ladies. Bourke caught a glimpse of their light summer gowns as he crept along by the quay wall. One of them carried a covered basket which she held close to her breast; both were in helpless consternation, daring neither to proceed nor to return to the quay alone, where already the mob had seized the steam-boat, crying, "On to St. Cloud!"

"See those girls!" cried Bourke. "They'll get into that crush in a moment. Jim, they'll be trampled to death!"

Harewood started across the street, just as the young lady who carried the basket turned and hastened toward the Louvre, where a cab stood close to the gutter. Her companion followed, running ahead in her anxiety and calling to the cab-driver, who, however, shook his head, refusing to move. As Harewood came up, the girl who carried the basket shrank back, looking at him with startled eyes; but he only raised his hat, and then turned to the cabman. "We want you," he said sharply.

"I am engaged; I was told to wait for the Austrian Ambassador," said the driver, adding impudently, "Are you my Excellency Monsieur Metternich?"

"You must take these ladies," said Harewood. "They can't stay here; the police may fire at any moment."

"Monsieur," said the man sarcastically, "can I pass that mob with my cab?"

"You can pass," insisted Bourke, "to the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois; we'll lead the horse," and he laid one hand on the bit.

Before the cabman could protest, Harewood flung open the door, saying, "Ladies, there is no time to lose!" while Bourke scowled back at the driver and shook his fist. "Pig of a cabman," he whispered, "drive slowly or I'll fling you into the river!"

Harewood was laughing as he closed the cab-door and sprang to the other side of the horse. "Now, Bourke," he said, "touch up your Jehu." Bourke uttered another awful threat and signalled to the driver. The latter obeyed with a despairing grimace, and the horse moved off along the quay, the two young fellows walking on either side of the horse's head.

In a moment they were in the crowd that surrounded the gate of the Carrousel; but the crowd was not very compact and they threaded their way slowly, amid cheering, and singing, and savage yells of "Death, death to the Empress!"

"Poor thing!" said Harewood. "Hang these ragamuffin cut-throats! Go slowly, Bourke. Hullo, what's up now?"

From the stairway on the south colonnade of the Louvre a group of ladies and gentlemen were issuing. Hurriedly they traversed the court to the street-gate, where a mob of loungers stood staring up at the grey facade. As one of the party, a boy clinging to the gate piped shrilly: "That's the Empress!" Instantly one of the gentlemen in attendance seized the urchin by one ear and boxed the other soundly, saying, "I'll teach you to shout *Vive la Prusse!*" For a moment the knot of idlers laughed. Then someone in the crowd said distinctly: "All the same, that is the Empress!"

A silence followed, broken by a single voice, low but perfectly distinct: "Death to the Empress!"

There was a restless movement, a quick pressing forward of wicked faces, a shuffle of heavy shoes. In a second the crowd doubled itself as if by magic; voices rose, harsh and ominous; somebody struck the iron railing with a heavy club. Bourke, standing close to the gutter by the cab, felt the door pushed outward, and he turned,

alarmed, as both young girls sprang out. One of them ran to the Empress and motioned toward the vehicle. "Hasten, Madame," she said; "here is a cab."

Before the crowd comprehended what was being done, the Empress had passed them, followed by another lady and two gentlemen.

"Good heavens," muttered Harewood to Bourke, "it is the Empress, and Madame le Breton!"

The Empress laid one hand on the cab-window, then drew back and said: "I would not wish to take your cab if you also are in danger."

With one foot on the carriage-step she looked back at the young girls, appearing utterly oblivious of the risk she herself ran. "Hasten, Madame," they cried; "we are in no danger! Ah, hasten, Madame!" Both of the gentlemen in attendance urged the Empress to enter, but she refused and looked steadily at the crowd which was now closing round the little group. Then she quietly stooped and kissed the girls. "Thank you," she said. "I accept, my children."

Bourke and Harewood had recognised her two escorts as the Italian Minister and the Austrian Ambassador. And while the Empress and her lady-in-waiting entered the cab Bourke said in English: "Go quickly, gentlemen; these young ladies are safe with us. God knows why the mob does not attack you!"

Monsieur de Metternich turned, cool and collected, and bowed to Bourke. The Empress leaned from the cab-window and looked at the young girls standing together, white and frightened. "Will you tell me your names?"

They seemed not to understand, and Harewood said: "Quick! The Empress asks your names."

"I—I—am Yvette Chalais, and this is Hilda, my sister," stammered one of the girls. As she spoke, in her embarrassment the basket dropped from her hands, the lid flew open, and three white pigeons whirled out, fluttering through the crowd, that scattered for a moment, trying to see what had happened.

"Now!" cried Bourke as the two diplomats jumped into the cab and slammed the door. The cabman seized his reins and lashed savagely at his horse, the crowd stumbled back shrieking, and, before they understood, the cab dashed away in a torrent of dust and flying pebbles.

In his excitement, Bourke laughed aloud, crying: "Jim, Jim! What a fool of a mob! Well, of all the bloodless revolutions I ever heard of! Look! Here come some troops, too! The thing is over!"

The thing was nearly over. Even the St. Germain omnibuses were running now, halting as usual for passengers in front of the beautiful church opposite; and to one of these omnibuses Bourke and Harewood conducted the two young ladies who had given up their cab to the Empress of France. Nobody interfered with them, nobody seemed to notice them except a pale-faced young man with light, pig-like eyes, who nodded hastily to Bourke and walked away.

"That was Speyer, the war-correspondent for that German-American sheet," said Bourke to Harewood. "I didn't know he was in Paris."

Harewood frowned and said nothing until their disconcerted but grateful charges were safely seated in the omnibus, when Bourke said several civil things in well-intentioned French. Both young men offered to act as further escort, were timidly thanked but unmistakably discouraged, and finally stood back, raising their hats as the omnibus started.

"Thank you again for all you have done," said Hilda. Yvette inclined her head with pretty reticence, the driver cracked his whip, and the three horses moved off at a trot.

Harewood stared after the vehicle until it disappeared. Bourke lit a cigarette, smiled quietly, and said: "Come on, Jim."

As they turned into the Rue de Rivoli, Harewood began: "Hilda Chalais; that's one of them—I don't know which. Pretty, isn't she? I mean the one with dark eyes. Wonder whether we'll see them again—sorry they lost their pigeons—nice girls—don't you think so? They live out on the Rue d'Ypres. We'll pass their house next week when we go to St. Cloud by the Porte Rouge."

Harewood laughed easily and walked on in silence. Life was very pleasant at times: even delightful when lighted by a pair of deep hazel eyes. "I wonder—I wonder—" he muttered.

"What?" asked Bourke.

"Nothing—only that one with the brown eyes—plucky little thing to give up her cab—eh, Cecil?"

"Yes."

"Well, if we go to St. Cloud, we'll go by way of the Rue d'Ypres."

"And there you'll stay?" asked Bourke scornfully.

"What—I? What for?"

Bourke yawned in his face and said wearily: "Because, Jim, I never knew you to miss making an ass of yourself when the devil sent the opportunity."

CHAPTER II.

THE MOUSE.

In the heated silence of afternoon, the tap of a drum came up from the south-west, now indistinct and smothered, now louder as the sound approached the Porte Rouge, awakening soft echoes along the turfed ramparts. A

dozing sentry in front of the Prince Murat Barracks sauntered out to the gutter, shading his face with one sunburned hand. At the end of the Rue d'Ypres sunlight sparkled on the brass of a drum; bayonets twinkled through the dust-haze; a single bugle blew long and faintly.

When the red trousers of the gate-patrol had passed, and the dull rumble of the drum had softened to a vibration in the dazzling stillness, the sentinel strolled back to loll, blinking, in his shady sentry-box, leaning on the *chassepot* rifle which he did not know how to use. For the sentinel was a National Guardsman, and they had taken away his Gras rifle and given him a *chassepot*, and set him to guard empty barracks in a street inhabited principally by sparrows.

At that moment, however, the Rue d'Ypres, which, with its single row of weather-beaten houses faced the fortifications of the Point du Jour sector, was not entirely deserted. Besides the sentinel and the sparrows someone else was moving aimlessly about in the sunshine with his

fortifications for a soft, sunny nook, created by Providence and the Imperial engineers for such as he.

Across the street the afternoon sun blazed on the shabby houses. The iron gateway of the Prince Murat Barracks was closed; the sentinel once more lolled in the shadow of his box, drowsy and motionless. Not a soul was stirring in the street; there was no sound, no movement, except when a dusty sparrow raised its head from the hot grass, with beak open as if parched. The Mouse contemplated the sparrow with his solitary eye; he too was thirsty. He clucked his tongue twice, spat on the grass, scratched one large ear, and yawned. Presently he drew a pipe from some recess beneath his jacket, filled it, rammed one dirty finger into the bowl, and gazed trustfully toward heaven for a match. Neither matches nor manna were falling that year in Paris; there were to be other showers from the autumn skies.

Across the Rue d'Ypres, where there were houses, a caged canary-bird twittered, trilled, and ceased as suddenly

chattered, the finches, thrushes, and canaries chorussed a shrill treble. A young monkey in a corner set up a piercing shriek, and a red squirrel rushed madly around in his wire wheel.

The Mouse was amused. With sneers and jibes and jeering gestures he excited the parrot; he made awful faces at the monkey, until the little creature clung to the wires of its cage shivering and screaming; he frightened the smaller birds by waving his dirty fingers to and fro before the window. Presently, however, he tired of the sport; his restless eye roamed about the interior of the shop; he pressed his pitted face closer to the glass, with now and then a rapid sidelong glance peculiar to the Chevalier of Industry the world over.

There was nobody in the outer shop; that was clear. There seemed to be nothing to steal there either; the Mouse did not consider birds worth stealing. Still, nobody seemed to be about, and it was the instinct of the Mouse to rummage. He withdrew from the window, assured



One of them ran to the Empress and motioned towards the vehicle. "Hasten, Madame," she said, "here is a cab."

hands thrust into the pockets of a stained jacket. As he passed the barrack railings he raised his hard face and fixed a pair of narrow uncertain eyes on the sentinel. One of his eyes was very bright, almost luminous, like the eyes of small animals at night; the other eye was sightless and seared. There is something ominous in the upward gaze of a startled animal; there was something more sinister in the glance of the Mouse as it fell before the frowning, suspicious face of the sentinel.

"*Passez au large!*" growled the man, standing erect.

"*C'est ça; et ta sœur!*" retorted the Mouse with a bright leer. Then he passed on, his mouth distorted in a smile, for he was thinking of the future and of destiny, and of the market-value of petroleum. He was a philosopher at all times, occasionally perhaps a prophet.

The Mouse enjoyed the hot September sunshine. As he slouched past the Passage de l'Ombre and across the Rue d'Ypres he yawned with semi-torpid satisfaction, and shuffled his worn shoes luxuriously through the taller grass below the glacis. Exertion disagreed with the Mouse; unnecessary effort was abhorrent to him. Under his insolent eyelids his shifty eyes searched the talus of the

as it had begun. Without turning his head the Mouse's eye searched the other side of the street until it rested on a sign: *Chalais, dealer in birds.* Under this hung another sign: *Apartment to let, inquire within.*

After a minute's restless contemplation of the signs and open door, the Mouse sauntered over to the bird-store, slouched up to the window, and pressed his insignificant nose against it. Little by little the dim interior of the store became visible. He leisurely surveyed the rows of wire and wicker cages, drumming on the window-glass with grimy fingers. A grey and scarlet parrot, dozing on a perch, woke up and turned a penetrating look on him.

The Mouse flattened his face against the window and thrust his tongue out at the parrot. At first the bird paid little attention to this insult; but, as the Mouse persevered, it eyed him with increasing animosity. "*Coco! Coco! Salaud! Tiens pour toi, vieux crétin!*" sneered the Mouse, tapping on the window with his pipe-stem and distorting his mouth in derision until the parrot flapped its wings and screamed, the feathers on its head erect with excitement and irritation. One by one the other birds, now also greatly agitated, joined in; the jackdaw croaked and

himself that the street was deserted, then slouched silently around to the open door and entered. As he set his worn shoe upon the threshold the feathers on the parrot's neck flattened in alarm; the monkey crouched trembling in a corner of his cage; every little bird became mute and motionless. For a minute the Mouse peered about the shop. The squirrel still scrambled madly in his wheel, and the narrow eye of the Mouse followed the whirling spokes.

There was a closed door at the farther end of the room; the Mouse fixed his eye upon it and stepped softly across the floor, one hand outstretched towards the knob. When he had it in his hand he paused, undecided, then turned the handle in silence. Instantly something moved on the other side, something heavy and soft; the door was pushed open with a steady irresistible pressure that forced the Mouse back flat against the wall.

It was then that the Mouse, peeping over his shoulder, felt his blood freeze and his shabby knees give way. For staring up into his face stood a full-grown lioness with her brilliant eyes fixed on his. He would have shrieked if he could, but terror paralysed him; he felt that he was going

to swoon. Suddenly there came the sound of voices, a distant door opened, steps echoed across a tiled passage, and two girls entered the shop from the further room. The lioness turned her head at the sound, hesitated, glanced back at the Mouse, and finally slunk hastily away, only to be seized and held by one of the girls, while the other alternately slapped, cuffed, and kissed her.

"Schéhérazade ought to be slapped instead of kissed," cried the taller girl, shoving the anxious but docile lioness towards the doorway. "Really, Yolette, you spoil her; some day she'll run out into the street, and then they'll shoot her."

"Poor darling!" said Yolette; "she didn't mean to be naughty. Somebody must have left the door open; Schéhérazade can't turn the knob, you know." As she spoke she laid one hand on the neck of the lioness. "Come, naughty one," she said, and urged the great creature towards the inner room, calling back to her sister, "Hildé, dear, shut the door."

"I've a mind to shut it on Schéhérazade's tail," said Hildé; "she's frightened the birds and animals nearly to death. Our squirrel is going mad, I believe." The parrot clambered on its perch and she went over to quiet it, talking all the while. "Poor little Mehemet Ali, did the big lion frighten him? There! There! And poor little Rocco too," turning towards the shivering monkey; "it's a perfect shame, it is indeed."

"Hildé, do shut the door!" called Yolette from the inner room. "I'm going to give Schéhérazade her ball to play with, and then I'll come out."

Hildé gave one last pat to the parrot's head and went towards the door. As she laid her hand on the knob, her eyes encountered a pair of dusty flat shoes. The shoes covered the feet of the Mouse; and, as she threw back the door with a startled exclamation, the Mouse himself stood revealed, terribly haggard from the effects of his recent flight, but now sufficiently recovered to bound with much agility into the street.

"What are you doing here?" stammered Hildé, following him to the outer door.

"I," said the Mouse, recovering his composure a little and crossing one foot before the other, "I, Mademoiselle, am an authorised agent for the Public Defence."

"If you are soliciting subscriptions, why did you not ring the door-bell, or knock?" asked Hildé as Yolette entered and stood at her side.

"Why, to tell the truth," said the Mouse, bowing impudently, "I only intended to ask for a match. I knocked, politely, as I was taught to do in my youth, but—"

"If you please, will you go away?" interrupted Yolette quickly.

"I have the honour," said the Mouse, removing his greasy, peaked cap with a flourish and smoothing the lovelocks plastered over each ear, "I have the honour to obey. Always at the service of ladies—always devoted—" he flourished his pipe with dignity; "although I had hoped for the small courtesy of a match."

"Hildé," whispered Yolette, "he will go away if you give him match."

Hildé stepped to the counter, found a matchbox, and returned to the door. The Mouse's small eye followed every expression on the two girlish faces. He took the matches with condescension, smirked, and continued impudently: "Ladies, in the present unfortunate condition of public affairs, in the face of a revolution which, within a week, has changed the government of France from an Empire to a Republic, in the face of the impending advance of the Prussian armies and the ultimate investment of the city of Paris, may I venture to solicit a small contribution for the purpose of adding to the patriotic fund, destined to arm the fortifications yonder with new and improved breech-loading cannon?" He glanced from Hildé to Yolette, his wary eye narrowing to a slit.

"I don't believe he's an agent," whispered Hildé; "don't give him anything."

Yolette drew a small purse from her pocket and looked at the Mouse with sincere eyes. "Will you really give it to the Public Defence?" she asked. "Or, if you are hungry and need it for yourself—"

"Don't do it," murmured Hildé; "he is not honest."

The Mouse's eyes filled with tears; his lips quivered. "Honesty is often clothed in rags," he snivelled, drawing himself up. "I thank you for your courtesy; I will go."

He moved away, furtively brushing a tear from his cheek. Yolette stepped across the threshold and touched his ragged elbow impulsively. He turned with a dramatic start, accepted the small silver coin, then stalked across the street, his head on his breast; his arms folded. Presently the stalk relapsed into a walk, then into a shuffle, then into a slouch. The sunshine lay warm on the grass-grown fortifications; where it lay warmest the Mouse sat him down and crossed his legs.

When he had lighted his pipe he stretched out at full length, both arms behind his head, his cap tilted to shade his single eye. Under the peak of the cap he could see the pipe-smoke curl; he could also see the long yellow

road stretching away into the country from the Porte Rouge. Out there somewhere—perhaps very far, perhaps very near—the Prussian armies were moving across France towards Paris. The thought amused the Mouse. He scratched one large ear and speculated. With the Prussians would come bombardment; with bombardment would come panic; with panic might come anarchy, and with anarchy would certainly come pillage!

The Mouse smacked his lips over his pipe-stem. He reflected that the revolution, accomplished five days previous, had brought with it no plunder so far as he was concerned. It had been a stupid revolution—shouting, jostling the *bourgeoisie*, a rush at the Tuilleries, a whack over the head from a rifle-stock—but no pillage. In vain had he, the Mouse, in company with two ambitious companions, Bibi la Goutte and Mon Oncle, descended from the shady nooks of Montparnasse with the frank intention of rummaging the Tuilleries and perhaps some houses of the stupid citizens. In vain had Bibi la Goutte bawled *"Anarchy"* and *"Treason"*; in vain had Mon Oncle demanded to be led to the sack of palaces. The brutal guards had thumped Mon Oncle with their rifle-butts; the Imperial police had mauled Bibi la Goutte; and, as for the Mouse, he had gained nothing but an abrasion of the scalp from contact with an officer's sword-hilt. But now

bird-store, Yolette and Hildé came to the door, gazing anxiously toward the fortifications. The Mouse leered at them, removed his cap, laying a dirty hand on his heart. "Always the ladies' slave," he called across the street, and shuffled on toward the Porte Rouge.

At the gate he shoved and elbowed his way through the increasing throng until he reached the drawbridge. The sentinels drove him back again, but he managed to crawl up to the railings and hang on to the steel bars. Here he found himself in company with his two bosom friends, Bibi la Goutte and Mon Oncle.

"*Mince!*" observed Bibi, as a column of dusty hussars galloped up to the drawbridge and drew bridle; "they've seen uncomfortable things out yonder, those hussars! It's Vinoy's 13th Corps back from Badinguet's *sûte champêtre*."

Mon Oncle sneered and mimicked the officer's commands, as a close column of infantry came plodding through the gate, haggard, ghastly, beneath their coat of tan and dust.

"*Bigre!*" observed Bibi under his breath; but the Mouse climbed up on the railings and hurled insults at the exhausted troops: "*Malheur! Si ça fait pas queuler!* On dirait des chaouchs de Biribi! Ah, mince, on prend des airs déjà! Mort aux crétins! On n'est pas su' l'paré de Badinguet, tas de sergots!" Then he spat upon the ground, shook his fist at the sky, shrugged, and slouched out of the crowd, followed closely by Bibi la Goutte and Mon Oncle.

The latter was somewhat puzzled at the Mouse's sudden outburst, and looked doubtfully at Bibi. "The Mouse is capricious," he observed.

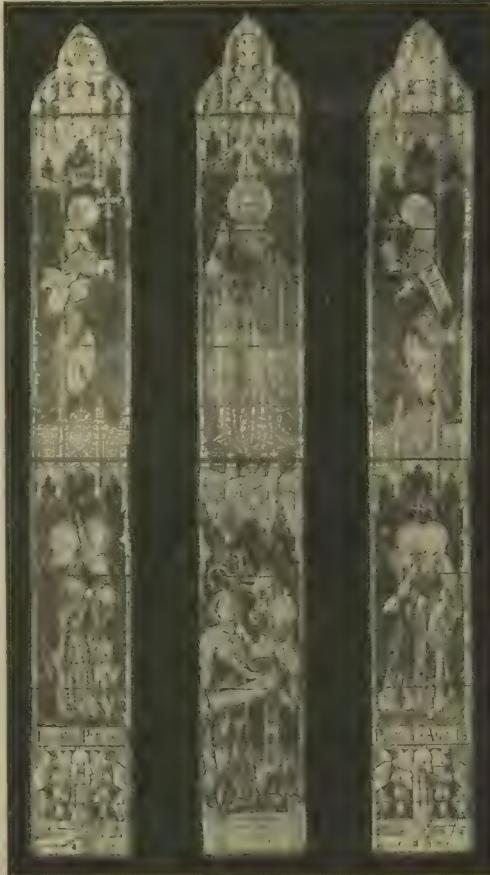
"No," said Bibi scornfully. "The Mouse doesn't care—except that there's another army corps in Paris now; and when the hour comes to do a little pillaging, these imbecile soldiers may annoy us."

The Mouse remained mute, but as he trudged over the glacis he cast a glance of horrible malignity at the battered, sun-burned soldiers toiling across the drawbridge below. Then, with a gesture, he turned his back, closed his sightless eye, and sat down on the grass. Bibi regarded him in breathless admiration, his lean jaws working with emotion. "What a General he would make!" he whispered to Mon Oncle.

"Or what an assassin!" replied Mon Oncle aloud, mopping his fat face.

The Mouse felt the compliment, but said nothing. The drums beat continuously down by the gate; the dull cries of the officers came up to them from below, mingled with the murmur of the throng at the drawbridge. Bibi, sitting on the grass, nodded drowsily in the hot sunshine. Mon Oncle stretched his short, bandy legs out under an acacia-bush, and presently fell asleep. The Mouse, too, appeared to slumber, except when a breeze moved the brim of his cap, and a stray spot of sunlight glimmered on the iris of his sightless eye.

(To be continued.)



THE NEW EAST WINDOW IN ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, KEW GARDENS.

the Mouse truly hoped that, with the advent of the victorious Prussian armies before the walls of Paris, things might be different. When the big shells began to sail over the Seine and knock houses and churches into kindling wood, the Mouse intended to do a little exploring on his private account; and he acknowledged with enthusiasm that it would be a degenerate Knight of Leisure who should fail to amass a pretty competency. So he lay, musing and smoking in the warm September sun, one eye half-closed, but still fixed on the yellow road which crawled across the plain at his feet. He was absolutely contented; he had tobacco, sunshine, and fifty centimes in silver in his pocket to spend on food or drink, as he chose. Once he thought of the lion, and shuddered at the thought; some day, when he had time, he would find a way to poison the creature, he hoped, and incidentally to rob the bird-store.

As he lay, diverted by these pleasant thoughts, he became aware of a cloud of dust on the road below. He watched it: it came nearer and nearer; he could distinguish the red trousers of French infantry; a gun boomed from some distant bastion; another still more distant answered the signal. The Mouse sat up. He could see that the dust-cloud enveloped heavy columns of troops moving slowly toward the walls of Paris. At the Porte Rouge drums were beating.

The Mouse rose, stretched, yawned, and slouched off down the embankment to the street. As he passed the

new window in St. Luke's, Kew. We have not yet come to the end of last year's celebrations. Indeed, the aftermath of memorials of the Queen's long reign seems particularly rich just at the present moment. Last week we chronicled the inauguration of a memorial at Lytham, and, now we give an illustration of a stained-glass window which has been added to St. Luke's Church, Kew Gardens, in commemoration of her Majesty's sixty years' reign. The window is very similar to the east window in the parish church of Heckington, in Lincolnshire, and is allied to windows in Carlisle Cathedral, York Minster, and Selby Abbey. The three lights are devoted to the representation of Our Lord as the Heavenly King, habited in the robes appropriate to Priest, King, and Royal Majesty. Over the central figure hovers the dove, surrounded by the nine orders of angels; and on the right and left stand the cherubim and seraphim covered with wings. The archangels, St. Michael and St. Gabriel—the former as the Christian warrior holding the banner of Faith, the latter holding the Lily of Annunciation—are placed before the throne; while in the lights next the centre the Virtues are shown offering up the prayers of the saints with incense. The window was designed and carried out by Mr. T. F. Curtis, of Messrs. Ward and Hughes, Soho, and the placing of this admirable ornament in the church was mainly due to the energy and public spirit of the Mayor of Richmond.

We have received from the Rector of St. Saviour's, Southwark, an epitome of his larger "History and Antiquities" of the ancient collegiate church over which he presides. The book contains an interesting account of the rise and progress of the famous pile, and its value is enhanced by thirty-two illustrations. Dr. Thompson has performed his labour of love with skill and enthusiasm, and visitors to St. Saviour's will find his handbook a most useful companion.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CRETE: VIEWS AT CANDIA.

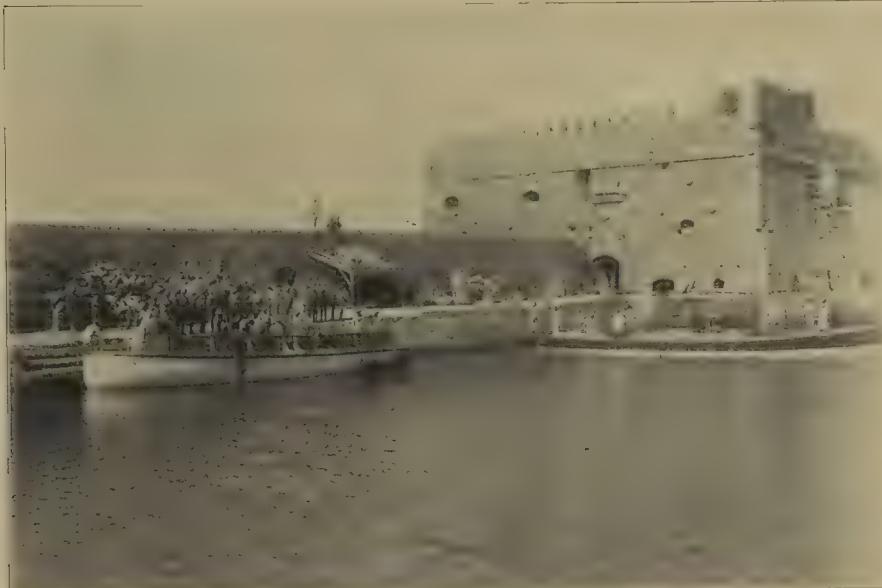
From Photographs supplied by W. R. Knightley, Surgeon R.N.

Custom-House, where the Tax was to be Collected.

Order has now been practically restored at Candia. In pursuance of Admiral Noel's demand, the Turkish authorities have demolished the houses adjoining the British camp. They surrendered some eighty of the alleged ringleaders in the disturbances. The Sultan has put forward a demand that these prisoners shall be tried by an International Commission, and not by the British authorities alone. As there is a large British force at Candia, the presence of Italian and French troops has become unnecessary, and Admiral Noel has accordingly desired these, as well as the foreign war-ships, to be withdrawn. Although difficulties were raised with regard to the disarmament of the Bashi-Bazouks, an urgent order from Admiral Noel brought about the unconditional surrender of arms authorised by the Sultan. The insurgents camped near Candia, ready to attack the Turkish troops, have decided to await events, as they are convinced that Great Britain will take steps to avenge the massacre of Christians under the protection of her flag. Early last week, 1500 weapons had been surrendered. These, which were nearly all obsolete muzzle-loaders and old-fashioned rifles, were conveyed on board the flag-ship. The Bashi-Bazouks are known to have been armed with Martini rifles, and not one of them has been given up. Disarmament, however, continues—slowly, it is true, without any murmuring on the part of the Mohammedans. The town of Candia is practically desolated. Our Illustrations on the present page show various points in and about the city. The view inside the harbour



INSIDE THE HARBOUR.



DISEMBARKATION OF THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.



THE GATE WHERE THE PUGLINS CAME IN.

shows the Custom House, where the *dime* or tithe was to be collected on the day when the outbreak occurred. It will be remembered that the foreign Admirals, having decided that the *dime* should be taken possession of immediately, landed a party of twenty British from H.M.S. *Hazard* to guard the office, which is situated on the quay. Christian authorities were to be installed at the collector's office. As a result, the Moslem population became excited and the outbreak occurred. Other Illustrations show the main street of Candia after the fire and the gate near which Lieutenant Haldane and others were killed. Yet another Illustration shows the disembarkation of the Royal Fusiliers.

The question of international intervention has been raised once more by the riots, and by the means adopted for the quelling of them; and once more it is evident that the Powers in general are much less powerful than one Power in particular as re-torers of peace. Admiral Noel, to obtain the results already recorded, had to speak out for himself without any parleyings with people of importance representing other interests than our own. Now, however, that order is restored, joint intervention becomes a possibility again; and it seems certain that Russia, France, and Italy will join hands with Great Britain to coerce the Sultan into good government in Crete. For such a purpose the combination is an all-powerful one, even though Germany and Austria should decide to stand apart and be mere spectators of another great blow struck at Turkish misrule in which they forego the glory of taking a part.



THE MAIN STREET OF CANDIA AFTER THE FIRE.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Artists are, or ought to be, men with "temperament," and the possession of temperament does not as a rule give a man promise of a ripe old age. Hence the average life of the painter, if it exceeds that of the working journalist, is not a high one; and Mr. Thomas Sidney Cooper has beaten the record among all Royal Academicians that ever were, as well as among great painters of all time and in all lands, in celebrating this week his ninety-fifth birthday in excellent health and spirits. Of his equable nature, another proof may be found in the fact that it is in Canterbury, the city of his birth, that he still resides, an old inhabitant indeed, and now, more than ever, a famous one.

Colonel Picquart's prosecution on a charge of forgery has proved, in some respects, the most salient point of the whole story of the Dreyfus case. It has aroused in Paris a feeling of anger and shame which, even in the Cabinet, has its expression. General Zurlinden has the oilum or the credit, as men choose to regard it, of placing the Colonel in a military cell, isolated even from his own legal adviser. The descendant of an old Lorraine family, long settled in Alsace, Colonel Picquart was born in 1851, was educated at St.-Cyr, and, after service with the Zouaves in Algeria, gained his captaincy in the infantry in 1880. Six years ago he went on to the Staff at the War Office, and became head of the Intelligence Department. Nearly two years ago the Esterhazy case came to trouble the career of Colonel Picquart, as of so many others. His sympathies with Dreyfus as an innocent man wrongly condemned led to his banishment to Tunis, and then to his being placed on the retired list.

When General Zurlinden, after holding for a few days the portfolio of War Minister, resigned it to General Chanoine, the Commander of the First Division of the French Army, it was naturally supposed that his influence on the fate of Dreyfus was at an end. His reappointment, however, to the command of the Paris Garrison gave him the power to institute the prosecution against Colonel Picquart, whether General Chanoine approved it or did not. Since then events have moved rapidly. The legal commission appointed to consider the revision of the Dreyfus trial has been equally divided, and the Cabinet, therefore, has had the ultimate responsibility returned upon itself. The need for revision, already patent to all men except partisans, became more manifest than ever in view of the confession of Esterhazy, published in the *Observer*, that he himself forged the *bordereau* on which Dreyfus was convicted. Meanwhile, the meeting summoned by M. Droulède on Sunday proved that in Paris there is an element that is lawless, and that men who decided on Dreyfus's guilt by anti-Semitic passion will resent, by violence if they can, any attempt to do him justice. M. Droulède declares that France is unanimous against Dreyfus—because those who favour his innocence cease to be Frenchmen. They are, by a further exercise of this surprising logic, fit subjects, in his opinion, for the guillotine.

The Caedmon Memorial Cross, erected at Whitby to commemorate the first Christian poet of England, was unveiled by the Poet Laureate. Caedmon's was not "poetical poetry," but it was rhyme and rhythm, and it laid the foundation of that proud structure of English verse which has no rival among other nations. Caedmon, not Chaucer, said Mr. Alfred Austin, should be called "the Morning Star of English Poetry." At any rate, whatever his title, he was a pioneer, and he held his own contemporaries in thrall. He

shared with the Abbess Hilda and the Venerable Bede the renown of days divided from ours by twelve centuries. He was an unlettered cleric; but, as Mr. Austin said, poets have understanding rather than erudition. Milton is cited by him as the only educated poet; but that is a too exclusive estimate, since it omits Crashaw, Donne, and quite a little crowd of Elizabethans and Jacobians.

"Like cures like," says the Chairman of the Licensing Sessions in Newcastle-on-Tyne; and he advocates a diet of bread and wine morning, noon, and night, for prisoners convicted of drunkenness. In Norway, he said, the experiment has been tried with success.

Mr. Barker, the "reader" of the late Empress of Austria, is the bearer of a very English name which his Oriental face is said to belie. His name, in fact, is his English father's, and his face is his mother's—an Eastern. In

1891 he addressed a poem to the Empress, who summoned him to her yacht in Alexandria Harbour. "The gentleman who reads Greek so well," was her description of him afterwards; and on her country walks he frequently attended her, reading aloud, not Greek only, but certain English novels which he who runs may read. The Empress's yacht, by the way, takes her name from the beautiful Castle Miramare, formerly the residence of poor Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. She is a paddle-steamer of fine lines and swift movements, and is furnished with all modern appliances. Her saloons and cabins are of good dimensions and princely equipped. A large retinue can be accommodated. Her late Majesty's promenade deck is specially constructed to afford ample means for pedestrian exercise, in which the murdered Empress loved to indulge. The yacht is well known to many of our countrymen and women, as she was frequently seen in the Adriatic and Mediterranean. On board the *Miramare* the Empress found that seclusion and freedom from intrusion which she courted more and more as the shadows of life thickened about her. The vessel must always possess a pathetic interest.

The English Channel seems to possess a curious fascination for the aquatic adventurer.

On Sept. 8 Mr. Holmes made an unsuccessful attempt to swim the Channel; and on the 18th a Mr. St. George Ashe, of Kensington, a member of the Thames Rowing Club, tried to cross in a Thames river-skiff. The boat weighed 25 lb., and measured 13 ft. long by 11 in. wide, and about 5 in. deep.

It was constructed only of a thin veneer of mahogany about 1.8 in. thick. The result was easy to forecast. The boat was caught by a sea and broken completely in half. Fortunately, Mr. Ashe was a strong swimmer, and kept afloat until the tug *Lady Vita* sent her boat to the rescue. This is the second time that this daring gentleman has enjoyed the sensation of having a boat sunk under him in the Channel. About a week before his present exploit, he attempted to cross, and sank not far from the place where the Old Etonians were swamped in their attempt to row across the Channel about this time last year. The ardour of such gentlemen is evidently of a kind not to be damped. The sporting instinct of Britons is peculiarly liable to the temptation offered by the narrow waters that lie between us and our Gallic neighbours, and no doubt the attempt to cross by swimming or in more or less crazy craft will be made until the Channel Tunnel is a *fait accompli*, and perhaps after. It is singular that while the Channel and the Atlantic divide the honours for such attempts, the North Sea is so little considered. There may be triumphant argonauts who have made the voyage to Norway in very flimsy craft, but if so one hears little about them.

The Channel Islands have a crowd of visitors every summer, but among them has not been of late a member of the royal family. Guernsey, however, is getting ready a rather belated bronze statue of the Queen in honour of the Diamond Jubilee; and a royal will go to unveil it during the spring. Her Majesty has made a promise to this effect through the Home Secretary, and nobody will grudge it the honour, not even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, disappointed though he is of the revenues from wine and spirits which make him rich in the more important British Islands.

A considerable sensation has been caused at Westminster owing to the dangerous state of one of the turrets of Abbey Mansions, Victoria Street. So unsatisfactory is the present condition of the building said to be that for some little time past all traffic in front of the mansions in question has been stopped. The owners of the building have been summoned to Westminster Police Court with a view to requiring them to take down such portions of the stone-work as are affirmed to be unsatisfactory. The turret in question overhangs the angle of the building at the corner of Victoria Street and Orchard Street. It was agreed, after a considerable discussion, that the magistrate who heard the summons should inspect the building with experts, in order that he might decide what steps might be necessary for the public safety. Our illustration shows the mansions with the turret in question.



GENERAL ZURLINDEN.



GENERAL CHANOINE.



SKIFF WRECKED IN AN ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE CHANNEL.



ABBEY MANSIONS, VICTORIA STREET.



COLONEL PICQUART.

The Channel Squadron, which has lately entertained Mr. Rudyard Kipling for a fortnight, extended a briefer hospitality on Saturday afternoon to about thirty thousand of the citizens of Liverpool. The entertainment was returned in the evening, when a civic banquet was given to the officers. The Navy does not feel quite so much at home in these public festivities on shore as does the Army; and the Admirals are, as a rule, men of few words. That cannot always be said of the Generals, though the Sirdar's Fashoda telegram this week is certainly as unexpansive as any sea-captain could have made it. The Navy's popularity is so great already that one wonders to what pitch popular enthusiasm might rise were there a great naval orator to promote it.

Railway enterprise in China, hitherto confined to the north at Tientsin, has received a new impetus by the opening of the Shanghai-Woosung line. True, it is not a very long line—it is only nine miles—but it is important because, in that



THE SHANGHAI TERMINUS.



THE FIRST TRAIN READY TO START.



DOWN THE LINE.

RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN CHINA:

before it persistently by Lord Dysart or any other man whose disinterestedness in itself could win sympathy for the cause.

The old soldier who has saved a hero or a heroine is a rather familiar personage, and it does not always do to inquire too closely into his credentials. The other day General Lord Wolseley wrote a note of condolence to an army-pensioner named Doyle, in Ireland, on the death of his son, Corporal Doyle, in the Soudan. The letter began, "Dear Doyle," and the friendliness of the salutation seems to have given unnecessary rein to the fancy of a story-teller. "Dear Doyle" has therefore been constituted the saviour of Lord Wolseley's life when he was wounded in the fighting round Cawnpore. "The Commander-in-Chief never had a narrower escape," we are told. "He was left for dead on the field of battle, found by Doyle still living, and handed over to the Ambulance Corps." But Lord Wolseley, whose memory is a

remarkably good one, has no clue in his own mind to the reported incident; and he declines to admit that a Commander-in-Chief does an utterly exceptional thing in addressing as "Dear Doyle" a former comrade-in-arms who has just suffered a great bereavement. The Queen, it may be remembered, had a similar experience; for she was never able to verify an incident in her early life, recalled in after years by another Irishman, who said he had saved her from being run over in Kensington Gardens.



LAYING THE LAST HUNDRED YARDS TO THE TERMINUS.



ENTRAINING.



THE RIFLE RANGE, FIRST STATION FROM SHANGHAI.

THE NEW SHANGHAI-WOOSUNG LINE.

strong-boxes. The Rowton Houses are an unfailing source of business to the enterprising peer who started them amid the doubtful head-shakes of his friends, and who has carried them to a pitch of prosperity that implies perpetual extensions both of the houses themselves and of the scope of the work. Lord Rowton does not intend that the blue spectacles his eye-doctor has ordered him to wear shall prevent his looking the details of his work fully in the face during the coming winter.

The Quebec Conference is to become the Washington Conference. After holding its first session on Canadian territory, it is to adjourn to the American capital, where it may be in closer touch with the President and the politicians. Canada, being represented by her Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has a freer hand than the delegates of the States, and the change of meeting-place will do no injury to Canadian and British interests. According to rumours, which have everything in favour of their truth, the Conference will at least accomplish one thing—the extinction of rival interests in the Seal Fisheries by the American purchase, at a valuation, of all Canadian rights and stock-in-trade.

The Earl of Dysart has given the

Early Closing movement a push forward. A subscription to its funds proves his practical sympathy; but more than money is required—a man who will make the question his own, and will force it, in season and out of season, on the notice of the public. Lord Dysart suggests that some means should be found to bring into renown "the names of those firms who take into consideration the well-being of their employees." Lord Dysart adds the obvious truths that "a proper frame of body and mind are essential to all good work," and that therefore employers are better served by those whose well-being they study. Employers are alive to their own advantages to that extent, we may comfortably assume. "The righteous man regardeth his beast" and so does the prudent and calculating man; nor will he do less for the human creatures he employs. But short of injury to health there is a great field for the philanthropist. The pleasures of life could be increased for an enormous class of shop-assistants by a well-organised rule of early-closing on one afternoon a week; and there is no doubt that the public would submit to any needed curtailment of its purchasing privileges if the matter were put

Lord Rowton has returned to London from his stay abroad, much improved in general health, but still suffering from weakness of eyesight. He finds plenty of work awaiting him, without counting any examinations of the paper treasure, in the shape of material for the Disraeli Memoirs, that still lies in deposit in M. Messrs. Rothschild's

OUR SUCCESS IN THE Soudan.



THE SIRDAR'S ENTRY INTO OMDURMAN ON THE NIGHT OF THE BATTLE: BLACK TROOPS, COVERED BY GUN-BOATS, CLEARING THE STREETS OF BAGGARA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE Soudan.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

MAJOR ELMSLIE'S BATTERY AT WORK: THE RESULT OF A LYDDITE SHELL.

The shell in question exploded on the wall of the Citadel the day before the battle of Omdurman.

A LYDDITE SHELL IN THE MAHDI'S TOMB, OMDURMAN, FROM MAJOR ELMSLIE'S HOWITZERS ACROSS THE RIVER.

More complete details of the recent stirring events in the Soudan continue to arrive by every mail. The story told at length brings to light numberless heroic incidents on both sides. Our correspondent, whose notes of the Battle of Omdurman we published last week, continues his story of the later incidents of the great engagement: "In front of the native troops the resistance had weakened, but we saw a dashing cavalry charge of Dervishes, their leader riding fifty yards ahead, until he and his white horse fell riddled with bullets. To our left front stood a Soudanese battalion firing. Suddenly an Arab appeared charging on foot, absolutely alone; he stumbled as the bullets struck him, but actually came within a few yards of the line before he fell. While admiring such furious courage, one could feel no pity for these men, whose power in the Soudan has been

marked by such hideous cruelty, and one cannot regret that their savage rule has been quenched in blood. At dusk the columns halted in the streets, and we lay down, every man where he stood in the ranks, armed and accoutred. This was no new thing, as we had slept in our boots and belts, rifles and helmets at hand, since Aug. 17. But we had been used to comparatively clean soil to lie on, and the alleys of Omdurman were almost filthy enough to keep us awake.

"This necessarily imperfect account represents but a portion of the battle, and omits many things of which we heard later, but did not actually see. The 21st Lancers were well ahead of the British Division and beyond the ridge. Thus, to our regret, we were not witnesses of their memorable charge. The great attack by the left of

the Khalifa's army on our right rear (only incidentally mentioned above) was also as important a part of the battle as that already described. It fell on the Egyptian Brigades, artillery, cavalry, and camel corps, who suffered severely.

"The 37th Field Battery was on the right bank of the Nile, opposite Omdurman. Having put a shell through the Mahdi's Tomb on the previous day, it was now turning its attention to the walls and big buildings (avoiding injury to the crowds of fugitive women and children who were streaming southward through the town). From time to time we could hear their guns four miles beyond us. The gun-boats were stationed at intervals along the river, and, with their high command and accurate fire, did great execution."



A FANATICAL QUARTER IN THE VICINITY OF THE MAHDI'S TOMB: THE "SULTAN" CLEARING THE BANKS WITH MAXIM FIRE.

OUR SUCCESS IN THE Soudan.



THE BATTLE OF OMDURMAN: THE ENEMY ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant Angus McNeill, Seaforth Highlanders.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. VII.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

DAWSON CITY.

Try and picture to yourself a wide, flat stretch of marshy ground with a background of high hills on the shore of a mighty river rushing swiftly by; cover this shore with as many tents of all shapes and sizes as your imagination can picture, and in the water and along the beach facing these, place hundreds of rough, wooden boats of all possible builds, some in the water, others drawn up on the slope; then draw further on your imagination and see a big and motley crowd of men and women and children, in all sorts and conditions of garb, round and about the tents, boats, and everywhere, and above all a blazing sun and plenty of dust blown about by a persistent wind, and you have Dawson, the golden city, as it appeared to me as I landed on June 14, 1898.

It is said that first impressions are the truest and the most lasting. In this instance, however, I feel that such was not the case, for the real impression of Dawson was only gained after a prolonged visit and a close inspection of the place. At the time of my visit the town was in such a growing, or rather embryo stage that there were no hotels or inns worthy of the name, so I had decided to live in the tent for the few days we should remain before

but his preparations for the journey before him. Here the long river journey was an accomplished fact, and the old miner and the newest of new-comers rubbed shoulders in the big and ever-increasing throng of eager gold-hunters. On the main street, which is a continuation of the river-front, the scene was even more animated, and almost baffles description. On all sides, big buildings were being erected with feverish rapidity; the sound of hammering and sawing was to be heard everywhere, and the roadway was encumbered with rough timber, planks, ladders, and all the paraphernalia of the carpenter and builder. Harris and I stood and looked on in amazement. We had both expected a great deal from all we had heard and read, but this extraordinary scene of bustle and activity certainly outdid all that one could have even looked for. Here was a big city growing before our very eyes. It recalled one of those street scenes that have become so popular at recent exhibitions, only this was before the opening ceremony, and they were hurrying up so as to get finished in time.

The footway was crowded to such an extent with men walking or standing about or sitting on the piles of lumber that it was with difficulty we could get along. Many very smartly dressed women were to be seen, looking indeed strangely out of keeping in such surroundings, for the men were absolutely the roughest, raggedest, and most

and brush-up, and a dirty one at that! There was a notice up to the effect that hot baths were obtainable here, so I asked casually what they charged, and was informed their charges were \$2.50 for a bath, \$1.50 for hair-cutting, \$1.50 for a shampoo, and \$1 for a shave. I at once realised that unless I struck a gold-mine without delay, my modest purse would not suffice to keep me long in the most ordinary necessities of life in Dawson City. Yet all these apparently poverty-stricken men paid these exorbitant charges without a murmur. Of course, this strikes a newcomer more forcibly than it does an old-timer, for everything is on the same exorbitant basis—food, wages, house-rent, etc. A few examples will be of interest.

When we were in Dawson (June 15, 1898) a square meal consisting of bacon and beans, sometimes fresh moose-steaks, tea, and bread-and-butter, cost \$2.50, and all drinks or cigars in the different saloons 50 cents each. One wondered how the ordinary individual, not a gold-mine owner, could pay such prices, till we learned that carpenters got paid as much as \$25 and \$30 per day, cooks \$15, and ordinary workmen \$10. The dollar was practically the lowest negotiable sum, and very little could be bought even for that, for everything had to be packed into the country over the trail, down the river, or on the ice. So one cannot be surprised at the prices asked for



OUR SUCCESS IN THE SOUDAN: THE GUN-BOAT "MELIK" SAVING THE CAMEL CORPS FROM UTTER ANNIHILATION AT OMDURMAN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS.

Prince Francis of Teck personally worked a Maxim gun in the fore-top of the gun-boat.

leaving for the mines. Our first care, therefore, was to find a suitable camping-ground. This was no easy matter, the whole place being simply packed with tents and log-huts as far as the eye could reach, and we had to remember that we not only had ourselves to transport, but also the baggage and provisions, so the nearer the canoe the better. At this juncture I suddenly beheld me of a letter of introduction I had to Inspector Constantine of the North-West Mounted Police. We had fortunately managed to push our way through the pack of boats and moored the canoe directly in front of the Government enclosure, from which the Union Jack waved gaily, and by a still further bit of luck I found, on inquiry of the policeman on duty at the gate, that the Inspector was in. I therefore sent in my card with the letter of introduction, and was immediately received by a middle-aged gentleman of military appearance, who courteously informed me that he would be delighted to do anything that lay in his power to render our stay in Dawson agreeable; and suiting his action to the words, he put on his hat and took me round to a secluded spot behind the barrack-square, where he said we could camp. This was delightful, and put us out of our difficulty at once.

We had a stroll down towards the town early the next morning, for the police barracks are situated a little away from the centre. The road along the water-front was already crowded with people strolling about, looking at the new arrivals in the boats, and presented a curiously holiday-like appearance, very unlike Bennett and Linderman, where everyone seemed to have no time for anything

unkempt lot I have seen anywhere before, or am likely ever to see again. There was a certain picturesqueness about their dirt, though, as there is, for instance, in the squalor of the Italian beggar, and with their long boots, faded yellow flannel coats and slouch hats, they added considerably to the stage-like effect of the whole scene. As one gradually worked one's way through this big crowd and caught scraps here and there of the conversation, one realised that all these rough, dirty-looking fellows were not what they outwardly appeared; and that this was not entirely a gathering of roughs or hobos, but a cosmopolitan assemblage representative of all nations of the earth, attracted hither by the mighty ring of the Klondike gold. While I was in Dawson I had ample opportunities of verifying this first impression.

As we strolled along, wonderstruck at all we saw, Harris suggested our getting a long-needed shave. There were plenty of barber-shops, so we walked into one that looked a little less rough than the others; even at that it would have disgraced the meanest street in the East-End of London, and the occupants of the half-dozen chairs looked like dock labourers. I was interested to notice, while waiting my turn, that when a man went to pay the proprietor for what he had had, he produced a little bag of gold-dust, and the requisite quantity was weighed out in payment, scales being kept for the purpose; no actual money changed hands. When I had had my modest shave, I asked what there was to pay, and was told \$1. Harris had had a shave and his hair brushed up also, so his lot came to \$1.50. Fancy paying six shillings for a shave

the most ordinary things. House-rent (if the most ramshackle canvas structures can be so denominated) is astounding, considering how young the place is. Small shanties in the main street fetch \$200 per month; a "restaurant" (i.e., canvas, 40 ft. by 25 ft.), \$35 per day; provisions are, of course, in proportion, though prices have gone down considerably since the arrival of many boats with supplies. Some phenomenal prices were still given for luxuries not easily obtainable—among others eggs fetched \$3 a dozen, lemons \$6, and bananas \$12 a dozen; ten head of oxen fetched \$7500, and retailed \$2 per lb. Of course there is an immense amount of money or gold-dust in the town, otherwise these prices could never be kept up, for they appeared quite out of proportion in most cases, as, for instance, why should lemons cost 50 cents apiece, whilst bananas are \$1? Nothing seemed in ratio. What, however, did such trifles matter to a man who was taking thousands of dollars' worth of gold a day out of his claim? Many such men would come into the town from the creeks after an absence of perhaps some weeks, bringing with them a bag of "dust" to spend. When it was all gone, back they would go. Meanwhile, no extravagance was too great for them as long as the "dust" ran to it. To the "chekarka" (i.e., new-comer) it was little less than appalling to watch these men spend their gold either in gambling or in drinking in the saloons. When paying for drinks they would fling their bags on the counter and let the man who was serving them weigh out what was owing, never even troubling to look how much he took, this probably being considered "bad form."

(To be continued.)



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE: MAIN STREET DAWSON CITY.

*From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Peacock.
See preceding Page.*

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

A History of England: From the Landing of Julius Caesar to the Present Day. By H. O. Arnot d'Orster. Second Edition, Revised. (Cassell.)*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. (Ward, Lock.)*The Autocrat of the Salute.* By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New Edition. Vol. XVI. Appendix Volume. (Nimmo.)*An Unconventional Guide-Book and Literary Souvenir.* By the Hon. Stuart Erskine. With a Chapter by the Rev. John G. Michie. (Edinburgh: Elliot.)*Principles of Law.* The Law of Business, Crime, &c., and Trade-Sale.*In the Sargasso Sea.* By T. A. Janvier. (Harper.)*Sacred Poems of the Nineteenth Century.* Edited by Kate A. Wright. Birmingham: Conbridge.)*Poems by Ernest Hartley Coleridge.* (John Lane.)*The Works of W. M. Thackeray.* With Biographical Introductions by Mrs. D'Unger, Anne Ritchie, Vol. IV. (Smith, Elder.)*The Modern Marriage-Market.* By Marie Co. 14, Lady J. Lee, Mrs. F. A. Austen Steel, Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. (Hutchinson.)*A Valuable Life.* By Adeline Sergeant. (F. V. White.)*The Novels of Jane Austen: Sense and Sensibility.* Two Vols. Grant Richards.)

There is surely something very appropriate in the zeal with which the adopted son of the framer of the Education Act of 1870 devotes himself, in the intervals of graver labours, to the production of works of popular instruction like this "History of England," which has already reached a second edition. It has not some of the higher pretensions of Mr. J. R. Green's "Short History," but it may claim to be even more than what he wished his to be considered: a "history of the English people," since industrialism, literature, science, religion, social progress, manners and customs are more amply, as well as popularly treated in Mr. Forster's volume than in Mr. Green's monumental work. Mr. Forster brings down his narrative to the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Popular in style and treatment, in the great variety, already noted, of its contents, in its profusion of illustrations—there are some hundreds of them, with several welcome historical maps—Mr. Forster's volume will be found by the most ambitious student of English history a useful work of reference, were it only for the excellent historical and biographical summaries and chronological tables prefixed to the account of each reign.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" possesses most infallible claims to an honourable place in any series of reprints of "Nineteenth Century Classics." Indeed, in his very pleasant introduction, one which bestows a peculiar value on this reprint, Mr. Andrew Lang goes the length of pronouncing it to be "a very probable opinion that Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was the most popular English-writing essayist of the century," and if this be so it was largely due to the universal popularity of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Mr. Lang does not think it necessary to criticise so recognised an American classic; but in a single sentence he hits off tersely, yet completely, the chief literary and intellectual characteristics displayed by Holmes as an essayist. "Mr. Holmes had one popular advantage, a certain novelty of treatment, the introduction of interlocutors, other characters, a thin thread even of the novel." Mr. Lang gives a brief but adequate as well as lively narrative, personal and literary, of Holmes's for the most part tranquil life. Of his abstention, with which Lowell reproached him, from the advocacy of temperance and from denunciations of slavery and war, Mr. Lang says, with felicitous point, "One might as well have asked St. John to imitate Elijah as ask Mr. Holmes to play the heated pulpit." Elsewhere Mr. Lang slyly says of the friend who rebuked Holmes for not preaching temperance: "I admired Mr. Lowell 'scarcely on this side idolatry,' and never observed that he delayed the bottle on its modest rounds!" Mr. Lang's introduction is a model of its kind.

The indefatigable and versatile Mr. Baring-Gould is to be congratulated on the completion, with this sixteenth volume, of the new and noble-looking reissue of his *opus magnum*. The "Appendix Volume," as it is called, contains an indispensable index to the whole work, and among other additional matter an erudite account of the Celtic Church and its Saints. Mr. Baring-Gould is an admirer of the Celt, and deplores the absorption of their Church by other Churches. Here is a passage from his lament which would have delighted Matthew Arnold and Ernest Renan—"Our Anglo-Saxon forebears possessed rare qualities—perseverance, tenacity, and power of organisation; yet the higher qualities in our race, the searching intellect, the bright imagination, above all, idealism, that straining after what is high and pure, are due to the spark of living fire entering the lump of heavy, plodding German nature, through contact with the Celt."

No district in the north of Scotland has become so interesting to the outside world as the valley of the Dee, for the Queen and her Court have made it universally popular. Of recent years several capital books on the district have appeared—notably, Mr. A. I. McConnachie's handsome volume, "The Royal Dee," published last spring. Mr. McConnachie has written a series of admirable handbooks for those who care to climb the hills in the vicinity, while John Hill Burton's "Cairngorm Mountains" has become a classic. Your library on tour, however, will not be complete without Mr. Stuart Erskine's "Unconventional Guide" to Braemar. There is a curious irony in this district's sheltering the House of Hanover; for it was here that the plot to replace the Stuarts by the Stuarts took practical shape when John Erskine, Earl of Mar, raised the standard in 1715. Mr. Stuart Erskine's book is valuable mainly by reason of his account of his picturesque clansman. He has so little of the qualities that go to make a guide-book compiler that he has relegated to the minister of Dinnet the task of dealing with the topography of the district; but on the question of Jacobitism Mr. Erskine is a rabid enthusiast (did he not edit the *Whirlwind?*), and

his recent editing of that quaint document, "The Earl of Mar's Legacies to Scotland and to his Son, Lord Erskine," for the Scottish History Society, has put him in possession of knowledge as well as sympathy. And yet he might have made a much better book, for Braemar simply bristles with romance, if you have the eye to see it. The first part of the book—Braemar of old—is a clumsy hash-up of descriptions of the place, including Taylor the Water-poet's. Mr. Michie's topographical chapter is sandwiched between the history of the earldom of Mar at different dates, while Mr. Erskine has dreamt a Jacobite reverie—after a meteorological survey. If a second edition of his book is called for he should rigorously rearrange his material. By the way, who is "Marischal Keith" (page 72)? One knows of George Keith, Earl Marischal; and of his brother James Keith, the Field-Marshal of Frederick the Great. Mr. Erskine probably means the latter, Marshal Keith. Again, the Duff family were not Earls of Fife until a few years ago: they were Earls Fife.

"Dumfries and Round About" deals with a fascinating district. Mr. Dickie has put a lot of interesting stuff into his book. One only regrets that it is not better printed. Yet it would not be easy to refer the pilgrim to a more succinct itinerary.

In the North Atlantic is conspicuous that strange marine phenomenon, a vast area of sea-weed, which perplexed Columbus and his sailors on his first voyage westward, and which is known as the Sargasso Sea. Mr. Janvier, an American novelist, supposes, for the purposes of fiction, that it acts like a huge whirlpool and sucks into its interior recesses wrecks and derelict vessels of many dimensions, nationalities and periods. A castaway saves his life by reaching them, and the bulk of the volume is devoted to a weird description of his exploration of the derelicts, in which he finds plenty of food and drink. He is the Robinson Crusoe of the Sargasso Sea, with only a cat to keep him company; and of the narrative of his strange existence and escape, it is ample praise to say that it is told with something of Defoe's verisimilitude of detail. It is quite a book to delight an adventurous boy.

Publishing in the provinces ought to be encouraged. Hence one welcomes the "Dainty Poem Series" of Mr. C. Combridge, of Birmingham, even when one cannot always accept his editor's standard. Probably the best examples of sacred verse now appearing are in the columns of the *British Weekly*, from which Dr. Robertson Nicoll recently made a selection. Miss Wright's definition of "sacred" is not confined to doctrinal Christianity. Thus she includes Mr. Dobson's beautiful verses, "Before Sedan"; on the other hand, she has omitted another D. John, Davidson, who might surely claim to have written sacred verse ("The Ballad of the Nun," for example). Again, Mr. Gilbert Parker is represented in a child-poem, while Mr. William Canton is not. Several little-known writers are included. The book is charming in its format.

Some attention is due to a volume of verse coming from a member of a family which has achieved distinction in various ways since it was founded, in one sense, by the joint author, with Wordsworth, of the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1798. Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge is a grandson of the illustrious poet-philosopher, his appreciation of whom he proved in his edition of his grandfather's "Letters" and "Anima Mundi." The same is conspicuous in the present volume. In truth, one of the most noticeable pieces in it is an address, in hexameters, to Mr. Dykes Campbell on his edition, with a biographical introduction, of the "Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In this address the grandson of Coleridge pleads rather effectively for justice to his grandfather's character and career—

Let the story be told, though sad indeed is the telling;
But let us fix our eyes not alone on the mote in the sunbeam,
But on the beam itself that luminous slants through the shadows.

The passion of love plays a considerable part in Mr. Coleridge's volume, and many of his love verses are prettily turned. Others are profoundly serious and more or less strikingly descriptive of the conflict of faith and hope with doubt, which has inspired so much English verse since the appearance of "In Memoriam." There is poetic promise in the little volume, but Mr. Coleridge must avoid such mimicry of Browning's worst manner as is only too palpable in his "Carmen Alterum Subfuscum."

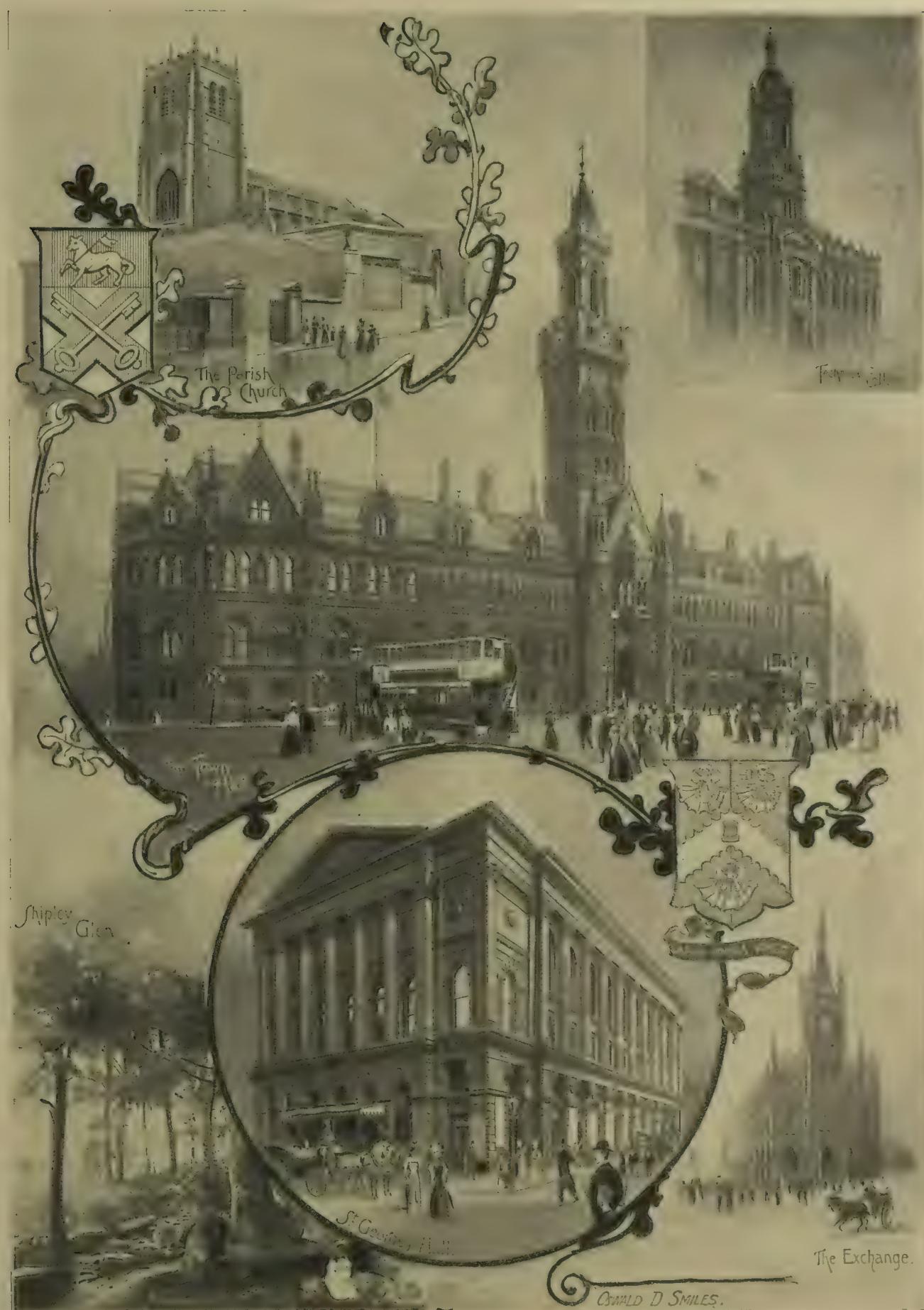
Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to Vol. IV. is not so rich in biographical material as those which have preceded it. But it is full of interest, and the recollections of her own early girlhood come charmingly into play in her descriptions of the happiness of the London home, before the great tragedy of his life shattered it, in which the young husband and father was working cheerfully at all kinds of literary tasks, grave and gay—from reviewing Ranke's "History of the Popes" to recording the amusing "Confessions of Mr. George Fitzboole." In the extracts given from his letters to his mother, there are pleasant glimpses of his early intimacy with the Bullers, Procters, Sterlings, and Carlyles. In others he indulges in racy pen-and-ink drawings of people and scenes that have struck him, "Shakspeare's Country" and its rustics among them. In a letter to his early friend, Edward Fitzgerald, long afterwards of Omar Khayyám celebrity, there is an almost Hogarthian sketch of three seedy and grotesquely visaged vocalists at the Spotted Dog, "a public-house," he informs his friend, "near the Strand, where you pay twopenny to hear singing," etc., and where in the course of "seeing life" and the intervals of business Thackeray had dropped in. In those days, while sporting slightly Republican opinions, Thackeray dreaded the triumph of Chartism and political force, while Fitzgerald's fear was of Russia. Of Thackeray's writings, given in Vol. IV., the chief are those two singular productions of his early manhood, *Barry Lyndon* and *Catherine Hayes*. Mrs. Ritchie throws new light on the composition of both, and tells for the first time the authentic story of what her father had to suffer from some foolish and

ignorant young Irishmen, who had never heard of the wicked Catherine Hayes, executed last century, and who threatened Thackeray with assault and battery for having, as they fancied, insulted the fair and spotless vocalist of the same name, their and his contemporary. Thackeray himself owned that his Catherine Hayes was repellent, and was greatly rejoiced when Carlyle pronounced the story to be "wonderful."

The title of "The Modern Marriage-Market" pre-judges, not quite correctly, the character of an interesting and striking little volume. It is a title perfectly suited, no doubt, to the vehement diatribe with which Miss Marie Corelli opens a discussion on marriage as it is and as it ought to be. She declares that what with the match-making of mothers and the sordid heartlessness of daughters in this degenerate age, the average girl of modern English society is, when entering on the holy state of matrimony, as much bought for gold as if she were exposed for sale to the highest bidder in an Eastern slave-market. But Miss Corelli does not have it all her own way. Lady Jeune records an emphatic protest against this view, and maintains "unhesitatingly that the Englishwomen of to-day are no less governed by the sentiments of affection and passion than their ancestors, and are just as ready to join their lives with those of the men they love." In the very "mannishness" with which Miss Corelli reproaches "the girl of the period," since it has increased her independence and strengthened her individuality, Lady Jeune finds a confirmation of her belief in the "impossibility" of "anything like maternal coercion," even in the very few cases where there might be a disposition to attempt it. Of course, the question is one not of argument, but of fact, and Lady Jeune may be expected to know quite as much about social life in England as the high-flown and passionate novelist who lives, moves, and has her being in an atmosphere of fiction. The other contributors to the discussion are Mrs. F. A. Steel and Susan, Countess of Malmesbury. Of the four contributions to the volume Mrs. Steel's is the most startling—more startling in its own way, though quiet in expression, than Miss Corelli's itself. Mrs. Steel boldly assails Miss Corelli's matrimonial gospel of "All for Love," and shocks the romantic of both sexes by pronouncing it to be as open to censure as marrying for money. A comment adverse to Mrs. Steel's view of this very delicate question will be found in the sensible and temperate contribution of Lady Malmesbury.

Miss Sargent's is a well-told story, with an ingenious plot, the interest of which is very fairly sustained from first to last. The heroine's father, the Rev. Silas Wedderburn, is the most cleverly drawn and the most striking character in the volume. He is a Nonconformist minister, and fancies himself profoundly penetrated by a belief that he has been divinely commissioned to found a colony in a South Sea island, where the unemployed from England may lead a happy and industrious life under his guidance and enjoy his devout ministrations. But his belief, though sincere after fashion, is more that of a self-seeking egotist than an apostle, and he is at bottom a weakling and a coward. On board a burning ship, he saves his own life and leaves his little daughter to perish in the flames, endeavouring to solace his conscience with the reflection that the life of a man, called to so important a mission as his, is infinitely more valuable than that of a child, even though he be his own. The little Frances is saved, however, by a passenger in the same ship, a wealthy and good-hearted if *blasé* young Englishman, Lawrence Corbet, unmarried and heart-whole. He adopts the girl, educates her, and when she has grown into a charming maiden, he brings her to his English country home, of course providing her with a suitable chaperon, and there, as the ward of a wealthy, well-known, and well-connected squire, she is welcomed in county society. But, as it happens, by one of those strange coincidences which abound in fiction, her father is settled as a minister in a neighbouring village, where his pulpit eloquence has made him very popular. Her guardian recognises Silas, and at last Frances knows that the father who shamefully deserted her is now her neighbour. The struggle in her mind between aversion and a feeling of filial duty is effectively and touchingly told; but it would not be fair to Miss Sargent to unravel the whole of her rather intricate plot. The main interest of her fiction lies in the character of Silas, in the struggle between his self-esteem and his remorse, and in the conflict of emotions following on the daughter's renewal of intercourse with her wretched father.

A new and, as regards paper and print, a very handsome issue, without note or comment, of Jane Austen's novels, called, with some appropriateness, the "Winchester Edition," opens with "Sense and Sensibility." Criticism on a novel so well known would, at this time of day, be superfluous, but something may be said of its place in the chronology of Miss Austen's writings. "Sense and Sensibility," as it stands, was a few months later in composition than "Pride and Prejudice," which is generally regarded as its author's masterpiece. But "Pride and Prejudice" was not published until years after "Sense and Sensibility" had made its way in the world. Surprise has therefore been expressed, among others, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his agreeable "Life of Jane Austen," that having the two fictions before her in manuscript, she published first the distinctly inferior of the two. But, in point of fact, Miss Austen seems to have reproduced in "Sense and Sensibility" much of an earlier and never separately published work, "Elinor and Marianne," so that "Sense and Sensibility" may be regarded as, from one point of view, an earlier composition than "Pride and Prejudice," and this may have prepossessed Miss Austen in its favour, and led her to give it priority of publication. Considering the success of her fictions, it is singular that so long an interval should have elapsed between the composition and the publication of the novels which made her known. The earliest published, "Sense and Sensibility," was written in 1797-98, when she was two-and-twenty, but it was not published until 1811. She received for it £150, it is not said whether at the time of publication or after the sale and success of the first edition.





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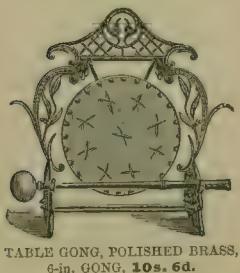


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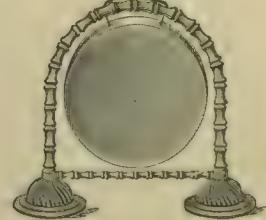
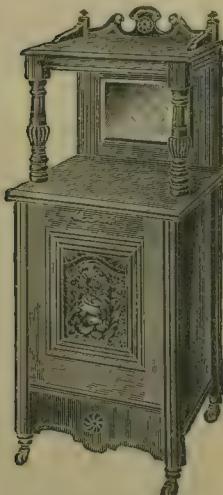


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LADIES' PAGE.

Our great-grandmothers had a saying, "Keep a thing seven years, turn it over and keep it another seven years, and then it will be useful." This is perhaps not quite so true of our modern ornaments and chifrons as it was of the substantial productions of bygone days, for undoubtedly the present-day fabrics are made with more regard to cheapness and passing beauty than to the solid and lasting qualities which characterised the older fabrics. But it is undoubtedly true that "there is nothing new under the sun" in the way of dress, and that what appears to be new is only a revival in a different combination of what was fashionable at some other time. Here, this autumn, are many distinct revivals—from not so very long ago either. There are among others the polonaise, the long coat, elbow-sleeves for evening wear, fringes for trimming, and yak lace.

The polonaise is practically a Princess over-skirt, cut short enough to show the under-skirt the greater part of the way round. This has crept in, as it were, by degrees, appearing first as the long-basqued coat, but one or two excellent gowns have lately appeared in every fashionable modiste's house which are nothing less than polonaises. One of these was almost entirely composed of yak lace. The costume had in view those small dinners and evening parties at country houses where over-much dressing is out of place, and yet where it is absolutely necessary there should be a certain smartness. The top of the high bodice, cut down rather deeper than a yoke, was filled in with white accordion-pleated mouseline-de-soie over champagne-green *gauze*. The yak lace was laid on the front to form a zouave, beginning under the accordion-pleated chiffon; and revers turned down, forming a kind of collar over the shoulders, were champagne-green silk, lightly draped with just one plain fold of muslin; a little pouch effect of the muslin appeared between the edges of the lace. The back and sides were cut all in one, forming a polonaise, which nearly reached the ground, of the delicate green silk covered with yak lace of a creamy tint. The under-skirt was of satin, which was almost cream colour, but had a faint shade of green in it, as faint as the blue tint that distinguishes oyster-white.

As to the long coats, these having been banished for some years except as wraps for the evening or thick cloth driving-coats, they will return for promenade wear with all the charm of novelty; but as they prove extremely heavy and inconvenient to walk under, however soft and light the material, it is to be hoped that they will not gain popularity. One that I have just seen is made in blue cloth, fitting firmly at the sides and front, but cut at the back in a sac shape, with something of the effect of a Watteau pleat. So long as bodices continue to be as much trimmed as they still are, mantles will be more

popular than jackets to wear over any other gowns than the stolid tailor-made ones that are almost plain-fitting.

A pretty novelty for tea-gowns cut in the Princess shape is to pipe every seam from neck to hem with a different colour from the material. The model seen was a pale yellow brocade, the pipings of the seams being a delicate heliotrope silk. The effect near the face was softened by a fichu of lace, but the figure was perfectly outlined by the long well-shaped seams. L'assemblante was laid all down the seams in another case, a very narrow one of iridescent beads, on a black moiré gown; and in this case a very large white tulle bow at the throat relieved the severity of the outline, the long ends falling nearly to the ground, finished off at the bottom with a deep ruffle of lace. The tea-gown requires, to justify its existence, that it should have a loose easy appearance, so that anything which approaches in style to the tightness of an ordinary walking-dress is not in good taste. At the same time, women who insist upon wearing everything quite tight, so as to define the figure, may supply the *déglacé* look of the looseness which they refuse to enjoy by abundance of lace and muslin in the front, or in fichu style over the shoulders, falling well from the throat to the waist or the hem.

Much fanciness is permissible in tea-gowns. They may be made with reminiscences of the medieval fashion, as with sleeves puffed at the shoulders and the elbow, and buttoned tightly up from the wrist; or with Empire folded belts coming up to under the arm; or with Greek drapings of graceful folds caught up to the shoulder. Any elegant, careless, easy-looking idea may be adopted, according to the character of the material chosen. Velveteen does very well for a tea-gown for a middle-aged woman; but as this is a garment that is intended to be always worn in the warm protection of the drawing-room, it is desirable to have it fairly light-looking and not too heavy, so that the velveteen should be relieved with a front of fine brocade or silk, and chiffon and lace should trim the composition.

Miss Olga Nethersole's dresses at Her Majesty's afford several suggestions for tea-gowns. The yellow dress which she wears is stiff with gold embroidery, but is relieved from heaviness by the cleverly designed cords and tassels which fringe it about. The collar, cut high into the throat in one piece with the yoke, gives an idea for an effective novelty. Then the pale grey gauzy material in which she first appears is so arranged as to be an ideal gown for this purpose with a little modification. Some of the other dresses are beautifully harmonious in colouring, and the full-skirted, long-bodiced, quaintly-sleeved Moyen-âge fashions prove to be, in their own way, quite fascinating; but the head-dresses are most objectionable, and one cannot but be glad that huge ear-patches are out of fashion in our time.

Now for our pictures. One is an elegant cloth gown, trimmed with appliqués of black velvet, outlined with tinsel braid. There is a lace vest and a fall of lace at the sides, with a bow of the same dainty fabric. The hat is of velvet, trimmed with a buckle and plumes. The other illustration shows an evening dress of satin with the elbow-sleeves that will be "the thing" this winter; said sleeves are made of rucked chiffon, and turned back with elbow-cuffs of velvet and lace. The bodice is swathed with chiffon, and has revers turned back with velvet and overlaid with lace. It is finished at the side with chiffon rosettes, having diamond buckles in the centre. On the skirt there is a chiffon flounce round the knees, turned back with revers just like those of the bodice, and having similar smart little rosettes and buckles; above is the plain satin—a very *chic* and up-to-date frock. I am sure you will think, beloved reader, that you have a nice supply of novelty and ideas this week. This is the time of year when it is easy and pleasant to write of fashion; there is so much that is new and pretty to tell about, and we are all contemplating new gowns too.

Meetings for women addressed by women are now a feature of each annual Church Congress. This year, the meeting being in the diocese of which Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, herself a thoughtful and active-minded woman, is the leading lady by virtue of her position as the Bishop's wife, more scope than ever has been given to lady speakers. A series of women's meetings has been arranged, all of which the subjects treated have been of a somewhat abstract nature. Lady Laura Liddington, the wife of the Bishop of Southwell, is a daughter of that Lord Chancellor who was considered to be one of the great orators of his time, Lord Selborne,

and his beautiful voice and logical style have both been inherited by his daughter, who is one of the best and easiest women speakers of the day. Her topic was "Friendship." Miss Maynard, Head Mistress of Westfield College, spoke on "The Value of Life"; Miss



A CLOTH GOWN TRIMMED WITH BLACK VELVET.

Soulsby, of the Oxford High School for Girls, on "Serving Our Generation"; and Miss Wordsworth, the Head of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, on "The Use of the Imagination." Lady Frederick Cavendish chose "True Honesty" for her subject, and Miss Christabel Coleridge, "Interests in Life." Several other ladies were down for addresses on similar subjects.

At the British Association meeting, it was noted that more than half the audiences in every section were women, and some of the most interesting papers were read by ladies, especially those on travel. Mrs. Bishop gave an account of her travels in China; Mrs. Theodore lent described the Island of Socotra, which she visited with her husband shortly before his death; and Miss Kingsley spoke chiefly on the dangers to life and health to which Europeans succumb in Africa. It was strange to see how quiet, how unenterprising, how what is commonly called "feminine" in appearance, each of these three famous women travellers, accustomed to self-reliance in the midst of danger and novelty, proved to be. Among the other papers read, one by Miss Parry, a young lady from Australia, on "The Imperial Idea," attracted most attention. She contended that the fate of Imperial Federation depends upon the economist, and not upon the politician; in other words, that our Colonies are not likely to federate with the Mother Country unless it can be shown to them that the masses will gain in pocket by the proceeding; and that no great ideas, no poetical fancies, will influence these distant democracies.

Miss Ellis sent an amusing paper on the identification of criminals by the ear, showing that human ears, like every other natural product, have an infinite variety of differences one from another. Miss C. E. Collett, who has a great turn for social statistics, as she proved during her appointment as one of the Assistant-Commissioners of the Parliamentary Labour Commission, took up the subject of "Expenditure of Professional Women." She gave details of the cost of the dress of a journalist, a clerk, and four High School mistresses: though the highest income earned was £340, and all the rest had under £200, she found that three of them spent as much as £40 a year on clothing. The journalist made the highest income, and spent 12 per cent. of it on her clothes, and 36 per cent. on food and lodging. The poorer women spent a higher percentage on dress—18 per cent. in one case, 15 per cent. in another—and board and residence cost all about the same percentage. Every one of them—all were single women—saved a really considerable sum annually, ranging from 25 to 17 per cent. of the total income.

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CHESS.

N S STEPHENS ('Ontario').—You are right; the first and second moves can be inverted.

H E KIRKES (Liverpool).—(1) If Black play 1. B to Q 8th; 2. P checks, and gives a dual, would you like to alter that? (2) Have you a copy of the other three-mover to which you refer?

JEFFREY J ALLEN.—Your problem shall appear shortly, it is not forgotten. Your other criticism is correct.

J HOPPER (Putney).—We have received your problems, but regret they have not even the saving virtue of being elementary.

CARLISIUS.—You still overlook the check with the Queen on the second move.

G J HICKS.—The two-mover is very neat, and shall appear as soon as possible. The other is still under examination.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 2812 received from S Carter and M Soloman (Kingsdown, S.R.); of No. 2833 from C A M (Bunyan); G W (London); Mr. E. M. (London); Mr. J. A. (London); Mr. J. G. Davis (Leeds); Mr. N. G. (London); Mr. J. A. (London); Mr. J. T. Levey (Limerick); Captain J A Clark (of Yarmouth, Newfoundland); Mr. W Putney), and E G Boyce.

THE SOLUTIONS of Problem No. 2839 received from F Norton (Hornsey), C E Peruzzi, Major Nandy (Pudsey), Mr. J A V Hopper (Putney), J F Moon, Sorrento, Louis Clinton (Newark), Mr. A. J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), H R Brandreth (Montevideo), Captain Spencer (F St George Stillington Johnson (Colham), T Deshayes, E P Gould (London), Mr. J. H. (Bognor Regis), Mr. J. C. (Worthing), Mr. W. Viemann, T C D (Dublin), E Marshall (Dulwich), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J Badley (Newark), P McTavish (Glasgow), and J M Shattock (London).

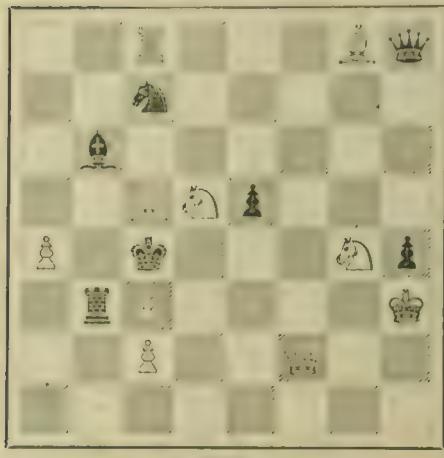
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2837.—By W. CLUGSTON.

WHITE.
1. B to Q 8th
2. Matres

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM NO. 2841.—By H. BRISTOW.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SALISBURY.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. BELLINGHAM and GUNSTON.

[Four Knights' Defence.]

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	B to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 2nd	B to K 8th
4. Kt to K B 1st	B to Kt 5th
5. Castles	Castles
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd
7. B takes Kt	This seems the best reply at White's command.
8. Kt to K 2nd	I ^t takes B.
9. Kt to K 3rd	(Q to K 2nd)
10. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th
11. P takes P	P takes P
12. R to K sq	B to Q 3rd
13. Kt to R 4th	R to Q 2sq
14. Kt to R 4th	B to Q 4th
15. Kt takes B	B to K 4th
16. Q to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
17. K to B 6th (ch)	I ^t to B 6th (ch)
18. K to Kt 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
19. B to Kt 5th	R to Q 3rd
20. Q to Q 8q	Q to Q 8q
21. R takes R	R takes R

The position is somewhat curious. A little examination will show that the other continuations at White's disposal all lead to loss. Black threatens to attack the Queen with his Rook, and also R to Q 7th, after putting the Knight to move.

1. Kt takes P P takes P

2. Kt to Kt 2nd R to Q 7th

3. Kt to B 8rd R takes P (ch)

4. K to Kt 2nd R takes P (ch)

5. Kt to K 2nd R to Kt 2nd

6. Kt to K 3rd R to Kt 2nd

7. Kt to K 4th R to Kt 2nd

8. Kt to K 5th R to Kt 2nd

9. Kt to K 6th R to Kt 2nd

10. Kt to K 7th R to Kt 2nd

11. Kt takes P P takes P

12. Q to R 6th R takes Kt

13. Q to R 7th R takes Kt

14. Q to B 3rd Q to B 6th

15. P to K 2nd R to Q 3rd

16. B to K 6th Q to Q 8q

17. B to Q 4th B to K 3rd

18. Q to B 3rd P to B 3rd

19. K to K 2nd B to B 2nd

20. B takes B (ch) K takes B

21. Q to B 4th (ch) Resigns

In spite of the covert attack on the Queen, Black gets a bad game from this position.

The amateur tournament at Salisbury resulted as follows: (1) Messrs. Blake and Ward divided first and second prizes, Mr. Gunston took third, and Mr. Bellingham the fourth prize. In the ladies' section the final scores were: (1) Mrs. Egan, (2) J. Smith, (3) G. N. Thomas.

NOTE.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 14, 1890), with a codicil (dated July 20, 1891), of Mr. John Van Voorst, formerly of Paternoster Row, bookseller and publisher, and late of Utrecht House, Clapham Park, who died on July 24, was proved on Sept. 19 by Robert Nesham and Charles Edward Nesham, the nephews, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £165,043; and the net personal to £157,431. The testator leaves his freehold ground rent arising out of 33, St. Paul's Churchyard, £9500, and one fifth of his residuary estate, upon trust, for his niece Mrs. Elizabeth Butt, for life, and then equally for her three children; his leasehold residence, Utrecht House, Leesness, Abbey Wood, Kent, £12,500, and one fifth of his residuary estate to his nephew Robert Nesham; his copyhold property of the manor of Lambeth, £9500, and one fifth of the residue of his estate to his nephew Charles Edward Nesham; £5000 to his nephew the Rev. Edward Martin Pitt; £10,000, upon trust, to pay the income to the present wife of the said Edward Martin Pitt, for life, and then to their children as they shall jointly appoint; £15,000 and one fifth of his net residuary personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to the Rev. Bernard Cassin, the husband of his late niece, Frances Anne Cassin, for life or until he shall marry again, and then equally to his children by his said wife; his household furniture and effects to his said nephews, Robert Nesham and Charles Edward Nesham; an annuity of £100 each to his sister-in-law Mrs. Louisa Elizabeth Van Voorst, and his sister Mrs. Frances Ready; and 100 guineas each to his sister-in-law Mrs. Emily Christiana Tapson, and Miss Christiana Cox.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1897), with a codicil (dated Aug. 29, 1898), of Colonel William Welsby, J.P., of The Grange, Roe Lane, Southport, who died on Aug. 31, was proved on Sept. 13 by William Herring, Henry le Strange Herring, and Edward John Longton, the executors, the value of the estate being £125,026. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Southport Infirmary and Local Dispensary and the Ormskirk Dispensary; £100 to Edward John Langton; £100 each and his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, to his daughters; £30 each to his nieces, Mabel Longton, Rosa Longton, Fanny Longton, and Annie Swift; his two gold watches to his eldest and next grandsons, and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one-half each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Emma Herring and Mrs. Jessie Herring, for life, and then for their respective children.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1897) of Mr. Edward Huggins, of the Lion Brewery, Golden Square, and 6, Kensington Park Gardens, Notting Hill, who died on Aug. 30 at Eastbourne, was proved on Sept. 20 by Albert Edward Huggins, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £122,606. The testator gives all his ordinary shares in the brewery of Huggins and Co. to his brother, Albert Edward; £7000 each to his sisters Amy Louise, Florence Marian, and Stella Constance; £1000 to his

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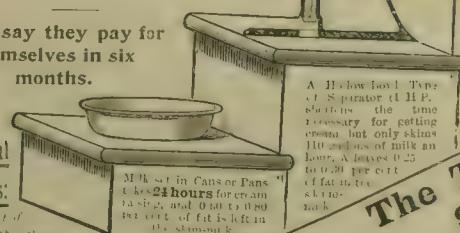
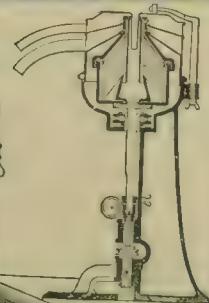
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The THREE
STEPS.

niece, Evelyn Mary; and £500 each to his cousins Alice Watson and Peter Huggins, his godchild, George Fulton, and Arthur Huggins. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother.

The will (dated May 28, 1898) of Mr. Jeffery Morphew, of Sussex House, Friars Style Road, Richmond, who died at Bognor on July 30, was proved on Sept. 6 by Edward Standen Morphew junior, the nephew, Major Frederick Philpot, and Arthur Samuel Bull, the executors, the value of the estate being £108,169. The testator bequeaths £1000, his furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and the income for life of £70,000 to his wife, Mrs. Louise Morphew, and she is also to have the use and enjoyment of Sussex House, and 1, Marine Parade, Bognor; £50 and the income of £2500 to his old servant Emma Southwood; £100 each to his executors, and £2000 each to his cousins Laura Sibley and Henry James Morphew, and Mrs. Emma Bull. On the decease of his wife he gives the freehold premises, 1, Marine Parade, £70,000, and Sussex House, and on the death of Mrs. Southwood, £2500, between his nephews and nieces, the children of his brother Edward Standen Morphew, and his sisters Sarah Susan Fernandez, Catherine Ann Philpot, Jane Standen Friend, and Helen Elizabeth Macklin. The residue of his property he leaves to his sisters Margaret Morphew, Mrs. Fernandez, Mrs. Philpot, Mrs. Friend, and the children of his deceased sister Mrs. Macklin.

The will (dated May 29, 1895), with two codicils (dated Oct. 26 and Nov. 10, 1897), of Mr. Arthur Evans, J.P., of Llangibby Castle, Usk, Monmouthshire, who died on July 1, was proved at the Llandaff District Registry, on Aug. 15, by Mrs. Florence Nightingale Mario Evans, the widow, Alfred Williams, and Richard Powell Rees, the executors, the value of the estate being £56,513. The testator bequeaths £500, his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and such an annual sum as with the income of her marriage settlement will make up £800 a year, to his wife; £150 per annum each to his daughters until they attain twenty-five or previously marry; and then he gives £2000 each to them; £225 per annum each to his sons until they shall come of age; and an additional £75 a year while at any University or Naval or Military

College; and £100 to his godson, Arthur Richard Treherne. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves equally between his sons. The testator directs that his children are to be brought up in the Protestant religion, and should any of them become a Roman Catholic or marry a Roman Catholic he or she shall absolutely forfeit their share and benefit under his will.

The will (dated March 11, 1893) of Mr. Thomas Beach, J.P., of Tettenhall Court, Wolverhampton, who died on July 28, has been proved in the Lichfield District Registry by the Rev. William Henry Beach, the brother, the value of the estate being £25,175. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his brothers, Francis Style Beach and George Beach; £100 each to his cousins, Eliza and Emma Norman; and £60 to his servant, Ann Waldron. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother, the Rev. William Henry Beach.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1895) of Mr. Samuel Henry Hyde, J.P., of Kempton Park, Sunbury, secretary of the Kempton Park Racecourse Company, who died on Aug. 10, was proved on Sept. 19 by Mrs. Mary Ann Priscilla Hyde, the widow and sole executrix, the gross value of the estate amounting to £7134, and the net personal to £2234. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1897) of Mr. Matthew Dawson, of Waterloo Lodge, Newmarket, trainer of horses, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Sept. 22 by John Dawson, the brother, and Maurice Wheeler, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £11,994, and the net personal £7347. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his sisters Mrs. Handley and Mrs. Susan Kendal, and his nieces Jean, Alice, and Lucy; £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his nieces Mary Lye and Mrs. Aldcroft; £50 to his nephew John Cartwright; £1000, upon trust, for his wife's nephew James Rose; and £100 to Joseph Rogers, of Newmarket. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew John Alfred Dawson.

The will of Major-General Henry Crosby Barry Barnett, of 33, Redcliffe Gardens, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Aug. 16 by Malcolm Barugh de Barry Barnett, the brother, and Miss Mary Agnes Griffiths de Barry

Barnett, the daughter, the executors, the value of the estate being £681.

The will of Mr. Osbert Salvin, F.R.S., of Hawksford, Fernhurst, Haslemere, who died on June 1, has been proved by Frederick du Cane Godman and the Rev. John Whitaker Maitland, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £8132.

The will of Lieutenant-General George Needl Boldero, a Crimean officer, of 20, Westbourne Gardens, Fulkestone, and Ashley Gardens, S.W., who died on May 5, was proved on Sept. 17 by Mrs. Anna Maria Boldero, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £3412.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

About a year ago, in this column, I replied at some length to a correspondent who inquired the reasons which physiology was accustomed to give for the constant presence of the salt-cellars on our tables. The habit of taking salt with food, or as part of the mineral items included in our dietary, is not limited, of course, to man. Deer and antelopes are said to travel for miles in order to lick the salt rocks, and a Swiss friend tells me that the chamois-hunters are accustomed to "ground-bait" the mountains by putting salt in the haunts of the antelopes, so that they may attract them to a particular spot. Salt, too, is a precious article of barter in the case of many savage tribes, and that a craving, well-nigh universal, for chloride of sodium exists seems to be a well-founded fact of physiology.

This topic has recently been revived through the recital of M. Léon Fredericq, who describes the practice in the matter of taking minerals as part of their dietary by the natives of the Congo. The minerals in question are obtained from water-plants which are burnt, the mineral

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residue being then sold for food. It is said that the minerals represented in this residue are compounds of potash, and specially the chloride and sulphate. Common salt, or its base, sodium, is represented in infinitesimal amount. In the Congo, therefore, salt is at a discount, and its place in our dietary would appear to be taken by potash compounds. There is an opinion still extant in physiological teaching, that the salt we eat has as its due function the counteraction of the potash we find in food; but the curious point is that, if these same potash compounds be absent from our diet, scurvy breaks out, and salt has no power in itself to prevent the onset of this disease. Salt, therefore, may be deemed as much a necessity of our life as is potash.

Readers of Huxley's Essays will remember that in which, discussing the theory of the "Origin of Species" associated with the unperishable memory of Charles Darwin, he gives the history of a six-fingered Maltese family. The tendency to multiply the abnormal and extra digit was shown to increase as time passed, and as generation succeeded generation. The argument here is that, if you "select" the parentage of the beings you experiment upon, you may evolve a new race or species, and practically this is what cattle and sheep breeders have practised for very many years. Even the breeding of pigeons—a very ancient hobby indeed—teaches us how from the rock-dove there can be evolved races which are so different from one another that a naturalist knowing nothing of their origin

from the pigeon just named would have no hesitation in classifying them as distinct species. This is really evolution rapidly effected under favourable conditions. Man protects animals, houses them, feeds them, and guards them against the natural warfare that, in a wild state, they have to wage; and so they vary and evolve with a quickness that is seldom imitated in their primitive life.

The case of the Maltese man, Gratio Kelleia, and his six-fingered descendants has been frequently paralleled; but the latest account given of a finger-deformity being transmitted in a very direct fashion is worth recounting. It is recorded by Dr. D. Young, of Glasgow. It begins with the great-grandfather (on the father's side), this individual possessing "straight" thumbs, in which the thumb-joint between its two bones, is fixed by bony union; while both bones of the thumb are very broad, almost giving the appearance of a double thumb. The first thumb-joint is longer than usual, and the second is shorter. This represents the great-grandfather's case. The next and second generation shows a nephew (a sister's son) with two distinct thumbs on each hand; and Dr. Young remarks on this, that probably the deformity goes back to five generations. The daughter has her right thumb bent inwards, like a claw, while the son has the straight thumbs of his father.

The third generation deals with the son of the last-mentioned individual—that is, the grandson of the

original straight-thumbed man. This grandson repeats the peculiarity of his father and grandfather. Then we come to the case of the children of the daughter with the claw-like right thumb. She has five children. Of these, two boys present the straight thumbs, while a daughter reproduces the claw-like right thumb of her mother. In the other two sons no defect is reported, but it is evident that the abnormality has gained ground materially as time has progressed. The fourth generation illustrates more strikingly still the tendency to evolve in the direction of the deformity. Dr. Young first takes the case of the two sons who exhibited no defect. To one of these was born a boy with double-webbed thumbs on each hand, and to the other a boy with webbed-fingers. This is a remarkable result biologically considered, for it shows how the tendency to the deformity, latent in the father (and not represented at all, of course, in the mother), is transmitted to the progeny. One of the sons, who had the straight thumbs of his great-grandfather, has a family of eight children, and of these three are affected. The first is a boy. He showed two thumbs on each hand. The extra thumbs were removed. Those remaining are "straight," while his great toes are double-webbed and double-nailed. The sixth child of this son (the intervening four being presumably normal), a girl, has two thumbs on each hand, and double-webbed great toes, and finally an infant, the eighth child, possesses "straight thumbs" and double-webbed toes. Eleven descendants of the great-grandfather thus show forth the peculiarity noted.

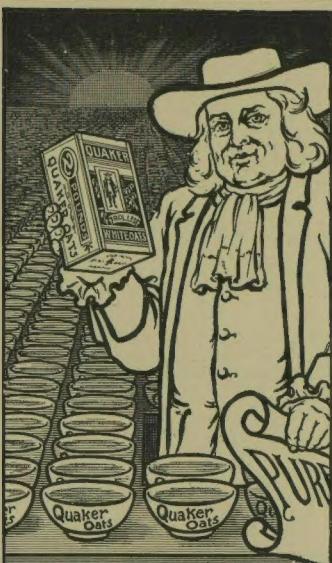
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Breakfast!

Don't starve yourself in the morning. Don't stuff yourself in the morning. Breakfast should be nourishing and easily digested, for it has to sustain the whole family through the most trying part of the day. Give your tired stomach a chance by breakfasting on Quaker Oats.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Most of the Bishops are back from their holidays. Dr. Creighton came home from Switzerland on Saturday, and the Bishop of Durham, who has been spending the last few weeks at a country vicarage near Whitby, has returned to Auckland Castle. Archbishop Temple has been visiting the Archbishop of York at Bishopthorpe Palace.

Canon Knox-Little sailed on Saturday for South Africa. His health has again been unsatisfactory, and his doctors have recommended a sea voyage.

The American preachers who have visited England during the summer have nearly all departed. One of the last to sail was Dr. Lorimer, who has been preaching during August and September in some of the chief Baptist churches of London. In former years Dr. Lorimer has been much with the Presbyterians, and was especially

acceptable at Marylebone Presbyterian Church. This year he has devoted himself entirely to his own denomination.

An important question is to come before the Church of England Temperance Society at its autumnal meeting in October. The question is, Should the total abstinence pledge be taken for a permanency, or for a time only? Many of the C.E.T.S. members consider it unwise to impose a lifelong promise, and they desire that the total abstinence pledges of the society should be limited to the time during which the card of membership is retained.

One of the most important addresses at the forthcoming meeting of the Congregational Union at Halifax will be that of Dr. R. F. Horton on Ritualism. Dr. Horton believes, with the *Times*, that the interest in this subject is not likely to die down during the winter. London Congregationalists are looking forward to his autumn address as Chairman of

the London Union. I hear that the meeting will be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, and not at the City Temple, as in former years.

The *Church Times* tells a story of the late Bishop Jenner. On one occasion Archbishop Sumner remonstrated with him for entoning the service in a parish church, and told him to say the prayers in his natural voice. To this Mr. Jenner replied that his natural voice was G, and that that was the note on which he always spoke and read. He was an accomplished musician, and composed many hymn-tunes.

The Wesleyan Conference is sending out the Rev. Marshall Hartley, one of its missionary secretaries, for a prolonged tour in the East. He is to visit the mission stations in China, Ceylon, and India. Mr. Hartley sailed on Saturday from Liverpool for New York, and is likely to return in time for next year's May Meetings. V.

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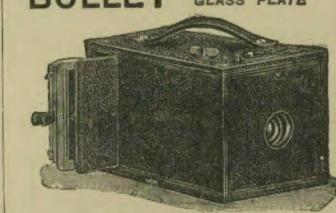
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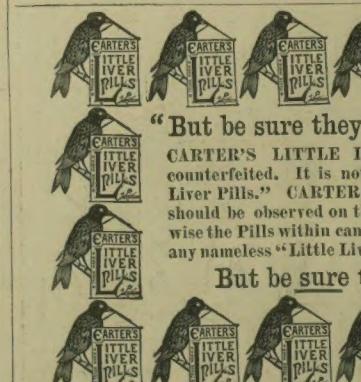
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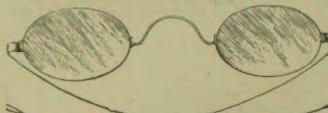
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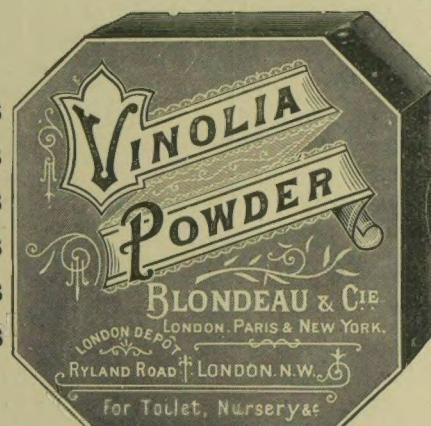
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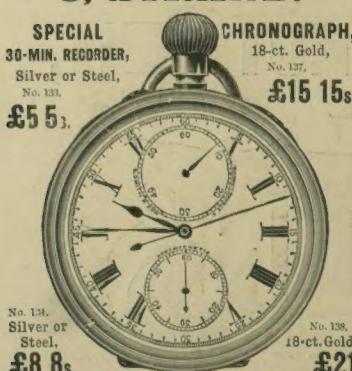
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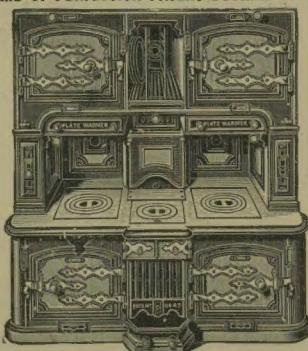
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